

Sports Illustrated

A color photograph of a woman, Helga Schultze, smiling and standing on a tennis court. She is wearing a white sleeveless top with a dark tie and a white pleated skirt. She is leaning against a black metal structure, possibly a tennis racket rack. The background shows a tennis court and some trees.

AUGUST 27, 1962 36 CENTS

THE LOVELIEST
IN
WORLD TENNIS

GERMANY'S
HELGA SCHULTZE



Outfitters shown: Jacket, 55% "Orlon" acrylic fiber, 45% wool; Blouse, 100% "Ultara" polyester

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Next week

NEWPORT BEACH, Calif. is the scene of a waterfront explosion that has blasted sandbars into \$100,000 lots. Jerome Martin paints the boom and Alfred Wright describes it in words.

A BRIDGE QUIZ that may well show up your weaknesses, and your partner's too, is the inflammatory contribution of Charles Goren to the peace and quiet of Labor Day weekend.

THE COWBOY RACE from Chadron, Neb. to Chicago sorted as a private joke but became world news in 1893. Robert Cantwell read the exploited records and recounts the story.



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SCORECARD

CATCH 'EM YOUNG

Representative Charles E. Chamberlain of Michigan is a well-intentioned man who no doubt honestly believes that his new bill, H.R. 11703, now before Congress, would add to the safety of boating. H.R. 11703 would require all boat operators, whether under sail or power, to be licensed. It would ban those under 12 years of age from handling boats of any kind and require those from 12 to 15 to sail only under the supervision of a licensed adult.

We have long supported the licensing of motorboat operators, who should be as carefully tested for competence and responsibility as automobile drivers, since an irresponsible incompetent in control of a powerful motorboat is as much a menace to society as any road hog. But as all sailors know, the way to achieve true competence at sea is to start early—the earlier the better—at the helm of a sailboat.

In sailing programs at yacht clubs and public marinas all over the nation today, children as young as 6 years are learning fundamentals that will one day make them far better powerboat skippers than their landlocked peers. Congressman Chamberlain's bill would scuttle these programs, leaving the waters of the future prey to an increasing armada of ill-trained seamen.

MILD AS IRON

Ever since the Los Angeles Dodgers hired Leo Durocher as a coach under Manager Walter Alston, rumors have flitted back and forth that it was just a matter of time before volatile Leo took over mild Walter's job. What the rumor makers forgot is 1) that mild Walter can be a very tough man; and 2) that the Dodger front office thinks very highly of him. Last week in Pittsburgh, Durocher, angry at mistakes made by Tommy Davis and Ron Fairly, said loudly: "Maybe we'll have to take some money from a few of these guys." Alston snapped back, just as loudly: "You take care of the coaching, Durocher, and I'll take care of the firing. Remember, we had to whistle at

you three times to take some signs at third base." After the incident was publicized, Buzzie Bavasi, the Dodgers' general manager, said, "This is the 13th season that Walt Alston has managed for me in the minors and majors. I've always liked the way he managed. You can say for me that I like the way he's running the club now."

THEY SAID IT

- Philip Bomford of England, after seeing his first major league baseball game: "I haven't really quite discovered the function of the coaches. Why doesn't the striker know what is going on as well as they do?"

- National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle, on the possibilities of a "world series" between the NFL and the American Football League: "Those people seem to take that lawsuit they filed against us very lightly. It cost us \$300,000 to defend ourselves and the minute the decision was handed down in our favor some of the AFL people took the attitude that everything was O.K. now and we could play each other."

- Bill Beall, assistant football coach at LSU: "I've learned more football talking to players than I have to coaches. After a game, or after he's graduated, you can chat with a boy and find out what he was thinking about before and during a play. Those Xs and Os we put on the blackboard—that was football 25 years ago."

- Bill Veack, whose fine book *Week in Week* is moving up on the bestseller lists: "I'm glad the *Racing Form* isn't charting this. Otherwise, they might be saying: MOVED PAST TENSE BOOKS."

AFTER YOU, MY DEAR INTEGRATION

The eight colleges in the Southwest Athletic Conference agree that athletic integration in the conference is coming soon, but each is waiting for someone else to take the first step. Four of the schools are state-supported (Texas, Texas A&M, Texas Tech and Arkansas), three are church schools (Southern Methodist, Texas Christian and Baylor)

and one is privately endowed (Rice). The state schools think that, logically, the church schools should lead the way. The others feel that the state schools should.

No one, apparently, is against athletic integration. "It's inevitable," says Hank Foldberg, coach at Texas A&M. "It wouldn't matter a bit to the kids," says Abe Martin of TCU. "Negroes play in all of our stadiums now."

"The boys themselves are ready," says Jess Neely of Rice. "It should help our teams and I think it would help our gate."

"It helps a team to get any good athlete, Negro or otherwise," says Hayden Fry of SMU.

"There are some fine Negro athletes in Texas," says John Bridges of Baylor.

Well, if it is desirable and inevitable, why sit around looking at each other?

CEILING VERY LIMITED

Truman Smith of Timonium, Md. is building an airplane in his basement. Richard Albrecht of Annapolis, Md. doesn't have a basement, so he is building an airplane in his bedroom. Smith and Albrecht want airplanes of their own to fly. They can't afford to buy them so they're building them. Naturally,



Albrecht's plane, a single-seater called a Miniplane, is about to outgrow the bedroom, and Albrecht hopes to move it to a hobby shop where he can install tail and landing gear. Then the wings can be built, the engine, instruments and controls installed and the plane taken to an airport for final assembly and flight. When it is finished, a year or two from now, the trim little biplane will have a 17-foot wingspan and a cruising speed of 120 mph. It will cost Albrecht in all "under \$1,000 and I hope under \$800."

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

Truman Smith, down in the basement, is building a high-wing cabin monoplane with a 28-foot wingspan. Smith uses a drill press, a small lathe, an electric hand drill, a hacksaw, tin snips and a heavy vise. His wife helped Smith with the riveting at first but now their sons have taken over her chores. Smith has been working on the plane for six years and has another year or so to go. His total cost will be about \$1,000.

Albrecht and Smith are members of the Experimental Aircraft Association, a 12,000-member group with headquarters in Hales Corners, Wis. The E.A.A. provides information on plane building, publishes a magazine on homemade planes, sponsors an annual fly-in for homemade airplanes and is responsible for that airplane in Mr. Albrecht's bedroom.

TALBERT & SON

You think you have troubles with your kids? Listen to what happened to Bill Talbert. Bill, one of the really fine tennis players of all time, a successful Davis Cup captain, a baseball enthusiast and, at 43, still a splendid athlete, visited his two sons at Camp Wild Goose in Maine a week or so ago. The older boy, Pike, who at 12 is 5 feet 7 inches tall, had just pitched a no-hitter in the camp baseball league, striking out 15 men as he did so. Bill immediately rounded up fellow tennis player Cliff Buchholz and seven campers and challenged Pike's team to a three-inning game, losers to be thrown in the lake. Bill pitched for his team, Pike for his, and it was for blood, or at any rate, water. Pike got up to bat twice against his father. Bill got up two times against his son. Pike hit a double and walked. Bill struck out twice. Bill gave up six runs. Pike pitched a no-hitter. Final result, 0-6, as they would say in tennis, and a wet Billy Talbert.

JACK AND CARRY BACK

Jack Price, owner of Carry Back, the 1961 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner and a good bet to be 1962's Handicap Horse of the Year, wants to sell his prize. The price is \$1 million. "I'm being realistic," Price said last week. "There's nothing we'd like more than to keep Carry Back and stand him at stud. But he's too great a responsibility. Anyone who comes up with a million dollars can have him. Then I'd buy back five shares for \$165,000, or \$33,000 a share."

The price seems a little low for such an outstanding performer (Swaps sold for a rumored \$2 million, for example, and Nashua for \$1,251,200). The reason, unquestionably, is Carry Back's undisputed breeding. Horsemen recognize that Carry Back is a superb horse but they fear he is, in a sense, a freak and that his outstanding racing characteristics would not necessarily be passed along. "You'd be starting a whole new line," commented one amateur of the running horse.

Price still hopes to send Carry Back to France for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in October. A victory in Paris would mean a \$75,000 purse and tremendous added prestige. "It's 50-50 right now," Price said. Carry Back is scheduled to race again on Labor Day. "He doesn't have to win to earn the trip. No matter where he finishes, if I think he runs creditably, we'll fly right over to France. If we go, we'll go a month before the Arc, train him on the Longchamp turf and get a good foreign jockey to ride him. I figure it will cost \$15,000 to make the trip; \$5,000 for stable transportation, \$5,000 in extra insurance premiums, \$2,000 for my travel expenses, \$3,000 in living expenses for the month in Paris. If he could win the Arc and retire in a blaze of glory, it would all be worth it."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- The Houston Colts are going all-out for the future. They've signed 68 young players under the new bonus rule, more than any other club in the majors, and they are putting not one but two rookie teams in the Arizona Winter League, which plays a 50-game schedule between October 12 and December 9. Other clubs with teams in the instructional league are the Dodgers, Giants, Pirates and Cubs.
- Latest betting odds from Las Vegas had Sonny Liston 8 to 5 over Floyd Patterson, Arnold Palmer 3 to 2 over both Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player in that TV "golf world championship" (if you want to take Nicklaus and Player, you put up 10 to win 13), and the Dodgers 3-to-2 favorites to win the National League pennant. Those baseball odds change daily, but the Giants were 2½ to 1 and the Reds 8 to 1.
- Don't be surprised if Ford has an entry in the Indianapolis "500" next year. Mickey Thompson, speed king and builder of Buick-engined cars for this year's "500," has been unable to rebire Driver Don Gurney for the 1963 race. Reavon, Ford's got him for Indy.

END

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HIS RIGHT ARM BROKEN WHEN HE WAS STRUCK WITH A CHAIR THROWN BY A SURLY CUBAN COACH, U.S. PHOTOGRAPHER

BAD BLOOD IN THE TROPICS

Fidel Castro's Cubans came to Jamaica to win the Caribbean Games, but broken bones and defections accompanied their defeat by REX LARDNER

A fortnight ago, as Fidel Castro dispatched Cuba's mighty 280-man delegation to the Ninth Central American and Caribbean Games in Kingston, Jamaica, he gave it some fatherly advice. His 30-minute harangue, much of it preposterous, had a theme of dark foreboding.

"There will be women in Kingston who will try to seduce you," said Castro in his cheerless pep talk. "There will be people who will try to put marijuana in your coffee. There will be people who try to kidnap you. If there is any demonstration from exiles you must be ready to fight for the honor of Cuba." The team's mission, Castro said, was to win, and by winning to demonstrate that socialism is a superior system to capitalism. His advice—and unpublished instructions to his subordinates—effectively assured the unscheduled and often perilous events which marred both the spirit and function of the Games and the celebration of Jamaica's independence.

To insure that Cuba would triumph on the playing fields, her finest athletes were brought together months before the Games in regimented training camps, where they were given a special diet—milk three times a day and beef rations—and impressive quarters, and where they were trained, in part, by Russian and satellite-nation coaches. To insure that they would not fall prey to the capitalistic blandishments of wicked Kingston, they were lectured frequently by political commissars who used Russian texts. In case the indoctrination didn't take, Castro sent along G-2 (for military intelligence) opera-

continued

FRANK BEATTY IS TREATED AT A JAMAICAN DISPENSARY

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

tives. They were dismissed as managers, coaches and even, in one instance, a bat boy. One authoritative source put the number of planeloads sent at 147.

By Castro's standards, socialism received a stunning setback in Latin America. Cuba not only isn't winning, it has fared poorly, and its chances of improving in the events which remain before the Games end this Saturday are extremely dim. But once in Kingston winning no longer became the major concern of the Cuban delegation. Nor was its concern

the rapid defections. He became a recruiting deflection specialist. His work all last week was harrowing and dangerous, and the political skulduggery lent an odd and bitter flavor to the often quaint course of the tropical Olympics.

By Sunday Diaz' recruiters appeared to have regained Cardona's blessings. The Jamaican government had reconsidered its position and was offering strong but quiet assistance to the defectors. A system had been set up at the Kingston airport whereby a Cuban athlete returning home had only to sprint to the

In the first week of the Games, Diaz helped nine Cubans to freedom: four men on the weight-lifting team and their coach, a photographer with the delegation, the basketball coach and a basketball player and Jose Raul Grande, second in command of the Cuban team. Two girl swimmers also expressed a desire to flee, but the plan was discovered and they were immediately shipped back to Cuba. Diaz is disappointed that the defection rate is not higher. Two months ago when he and his colleagues made their plans, he expected 50 defectors.

"But the Cubans have got G-2 men



ANXIOUS CUBAN BASKETBALL COACH JOSE SARASA, WHO LATER FLED TO DEFECTORS' HIDEAWAY, BROODS BY HIS BENCH AT GAMES

the Dominican Republic, which defeated Cuba in volleyball, nor Puerto Rico, which edged it in baseball, nor the Mexicans, who slaughtered the Cubans in soccer. It was, instead, a 20-man defection team led by a pale, slender, intense man with horn-rimmed glasses, a quick mind and an overriding sense of duty. His name is Frank Diaz.

A defector himself two and a half years ago, Diaz is a former member of the Revolutionary Council, an anti-Castro organization, with headquarters in Miami, which is directed by Jose Miro Cardona. Rather than quit his proselytizing and return to Miami as the Council and, according to reports, the embarrassed Jamaican government wished him to do, Diaz resigned last week. "The work here could not go on without

immigration booth to ask for asylum.

Diaz' modus operandi was to travel the streets of Kingston in a closed car. When he saw a Cuban athlete by himself, he offered him a ride. His favorite hunting grounds were the brand-new National Stadium, where many of the events were held, and Jamaica College, where the Cuban delegation stayed. Diaz would tell the potential defector that he could furnish him or her with food, a plane ticket to Miami and a secret hiding place until departure time. He also guaranteed protection. Once the escape was arranged, it was usually Diaz himself who furnished the car which whisked the defector to the hideaway. In a day or so the escapee was flown to Miami, where U.S. Immigration officials have a processing program for Cuban refugees.

everywhere," he said a few days ago at the stadium. "They're called coaches, or trainers, or whatever you like, but they're G-2. I'm positive. Even the bat boy is a G-2. He's a rotten bat boy, too. Because my friends and I know all their faces, they're sending down new G-2s. When an athlete is finished with his event, back he goes to Cuba." The official Cuban stand is that the athletes have been sent home to conserve dollars. There probably is at least some minor truth here: it is possible to buy 10 of Fidel's new pesos for one American dollar. In 1959 the rate of exchange was one for one.

Most of the escapes have had an aura of understated melodrama. The weight-lifting team calmly walked off the stage of Kingston's Ward Theatre during the competition, ran out of the theater

through a public park into a waiting taxi. The defectors were driven to a transfer point, where they got into a car that took them to a deserted building on the outskirts of Kingston. There they huddled, still in their blue sweat pants, on straw mattresses under a dim, naked bulb. Said Negro middle-heavyweight Sergio Oliva, who had been forced to take part in a propaganda film so Castro could show a Negro departing for the Games: "They insulted me and my people."

The spitting away of Basketball Coach Jose Sarasa, who, coincidentally, had once coached Diaz, had even more of a scrape-and-dagger air to it. "I was looking for prospects near the college," Diaz recalls, "when I saw José walking. He got in the car, but two G-2s piled in with him, so we could not converse. When he got out he whispered to me he must talk to me on a matter of life or death. At the basketball game the next night he was surrounded by G-2s, but I met him in the bathroom. He told me things were so bad in Cuba he had to leave. He wanted to take his clothes, so we made it for Sunday night, but I was tipped off that G-2 had knowledge of his desires, so I got a message to him at the game on Friday night that it was that night or never."

That night Cuba lost to Mexico 85 to 61. After the final buzzer Sarasa made his way through the crowd to congratulate the Mexican coach. He then went to the officials' table and spoke a few words to the timekeeper. He stalled for a few moments, watching his team file out and head for their bus. Apparently satisfied that his boys were on their way back to the dorm, he walked briskly toward the exit. Once outside the gate, instead of turning to the car waiting to take him back, Sarasa went quickly through a vacant lot to a black sedan, its engine running, a back door ajar. Diaz materialized, clasped Sarasa's hand and helped him into the car, which gunned out of the lot in a swirl of dust. Approaching the highway it passed through a band of 30 Cuban exiles armed with machetes, stacks and shovels ready to repel any attempt to recapture Sarasa. "My wife might be killed for me doing this," Sarasa said. "I hope she renounces me."

Aside from the clandestine operations, one violent riot took place. When Puerto Rico played Cuba in baseball—on a refurbished cricket field—bench-jockeying, which is usually restricted to comments about an opponent's color, re-

ligion, national origin, legitimacy, courage and personal habits, became alarmingly political. The Cubans, for instance, called the Puerto Ricans "stooges" and "worms at the service of Yankee imperialism." Naturally, the Puerto Ricans took umbrage, and were joined in their foul feelings by Cuban exiles in the stands. Fist-fighting, chair-throwing and other alarms and excursions followed. In another incident the Cuban cycling coach, piqued at all the photographs that were being taken, broke American Photographer Frank Beatty's arm by flinging a very heavy chair at him.

they arrived, were too weak to support the heavy backboard; 4) the scoreboard clock did not work and 5) the foul circle was in the wrong place. There was general pinching of usherettes in the stadium, and the local newspaper, *The Daily Gleaner*, quietly advised the offending parties to lay off. Owners of pigs, goats and burros were asked to keep them off the roads being used for a bicycle race. And finally there were impromptu ukulele and maraca concerts on various levels of the stadium during the late nighttime events.

Unfortunately, the Ninth Central



DEFLECTION LEADER FRANK DIAZ (LEFT) PLOTS STRATEGY WITH ONE OF HIS AIDES

Athletically the Games (1,600 athletes from 15 countries competed in 15 sports) have been absolutely no contest. Mexico's large, confident and well-equipped team has been overwhelmingly dominant; after the first week it had won 30 gold medals, 14 silver medals and 11 bronze. No other country had received more than five gold medals. Going into the second week, Cuba stood fifth in the standings, behind Venezuela, Puerto Rico and Colombia as well as Mexico.

For all their drama and international intrigue, the Games have had their delightful moments, the kind which are seldom found, say, at the World Olympics. The basketball competition was postponed after 1) the basket was found not to be at the right height; 2) the uprichts arrived late; 3) the uprichts, when

American and Caribbean Games will not be remembered for Mexico's virtuosity or for a misplaced foul circle. Instead of being a sporting contest between 15 nations, it turned out to be a no-holds-barred struggle between two ideologies. "You have been told by Fidel to break the bones of the agitators," Chief Delegate Gonzales Guerra told the Cuban delegation in an emergency meeting. "and remember your duty." Castro, in his attempt to impress the Caribbean countries with his socialized legions, blundered badly. Not only did he lose face by having a leaky team, but he failed to observe the first principle of successful coaching—and successful propaganda: even if you think you're going to win big, speak softly and guarantee nothing.

END

THE FALL OF A BATCH OF CUPCAKES

The British turned to youth in a determined effort to wrest the Curtis Cup away from a strong team of U.S. women golfers, but the results in Colorado Springs were an old, old story **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

The British Union Jack hung limply over the front terrace of the Broadmoor Golf Club on a still afternoon in Colorado Springs last week as a local Army band oom-pah-pahed the *Colonel Bogey* march. The flag had been raised to salute the presence of the very youthful British Curtis Cup golf team that had been sent 5,000 miles to compete with the best women amateurs in the U.S. As the eight British girls stepped forward to be introduced at the official opening ceremonies, demure but bright-eyed in tram blue blazers and pale-blue skirts, at least one observer lost his composure.

"They're trying to beat us with a bunch of cute little cupcakes," he exclaimed.

Young cupcakes the visitors certainly were, but beat the best women amateurs in the U.S. they emphatically did not. There were nine matches in the 12th edition of this international event, and the team representing the British Isles was able to win only one. The 3-to-1 score was a record margin. While the result was a bitter disappointment to the losing team and its optimistic rooters back home, this year's matches were only the first step in a golfing youth movement that the British hope will bring back the glory that once was theirs.

"After the disaster in the Curtis Cup at Lindrick two years ago [the U.S. regained the cup 6½ points to 2½], we decided we had to go ahead and encourage our younger players," says Mrs. Bunty Smith, 38, the nonplaying captain of the British team and a heroine of cup matches in balmy days. In consequence came a program called the Ladies' Golf Union Training Scheme, which sounds almost ruthlessly thorough. Whenever a promis-

ing young British girl turned up at even the most obscure golfing outpost, she was sent shuffling off to a specially designated golf pro for advanced training. All the trainees met for three-day periods every four months.

One of the results was that when the British cup team was selected this summer its average age was 23—some five years lower than the last cup team. Then as a final step toward firm dedication, the British team was put through a rigid five-day training-camp session before leaving for the U.S. early this month.

"Well, we had to do something," explained Mrs. Smith in Colorado Springs. "Up until now the girls all thought you had to be practically 90 to make the team. We are trying to prove that isn't true. We set up our training procedure so that our pros could teach the girls the American swing. You know, swinging the club straight back from the ball and then straight down and through it, eliminating the excessively wristy action we formerly used."

This standardized swing, very upright, with a noticeable pause at the top and a great amount of hip action coming down, made the British players look as if they had all been stamped out by the same machine. Lined up in a row on the practice tee, in light-blue Bermuda shorts, white golf shirts and floppy hats, they resembled nothing so much as a chorus line in a London musical.

But while youthful good looks are delightful in themselves, they don't necessarily help win golf matches. The American team, young (average age 26) and attractive in its own right, was also simply too good. "All eight of my girls are hitting the ball so well," said the U.S.

nonplaying captain, Polly Riley, who had to eliminate two of hers from play each day, "that I'm confident any six I pick will do fine." This was an understatement.

Miss Riley proved to be an astute psychologist in pairing up her six players for the Scotch foursome competition on the first day. Since each player must hit alternate shots, these match-ups must be made with care. Miss Riley paired together the two perfectionists, Anne Quast Decker, the U.S. Women's Amateur champion in 1958 and 1961, and Barbaret McIntire, who won the Amateur in 1959. Long hitter JoAnne Gunderson was paired with Louisiana's Clifford Ann Creed, because both are free-swinging, reckless golfers, and 41-year-old Ann Casey Johnstone was matched with 23-year-old Jenn Ashley, a tall, languid girl from Chanute, Kans. with a slow swing that matches her temperament, simply to balance inexperience with imperturbable maturity.

For a while on the first day it appeared as if the matches might be close. But two hours after the start, the rout began. At that moment the British teams of 19-year-old Ann Irvin, a plump little brunette with a perpetual pout, and 20-year-old Sheila Vaughan led the Gunderson-Creed twosome on the 11th hole of their 36-hole match. The Decker-McIntire team had struggled to a 3-up lead over Morley Spearman and Angela Bonalack, the No. 1 British pair, on the 12th hole. But Britons Diane Frearson, 18, a show-girl-size blonde, and tiny Ruth Purter, 23, had whittled an early Johnstone-Ashley lead of four holes down to two after nine.

Then Gunderson, who had been play-

ing sloppily, equalizing three strokes into the American attack. As she trudged up the 11th fairway, Miss Creed mumbled to her partner that they better get going soon. "Yeah, like right now," JoAnne answered. The hole is a par-5, playing at about 410 yards. The husky JoAnne drew out a four-iron, and smashed a high, soaring shot onto the green. The ball floated down no more than six feet from the hole. The British girls made a fine birdie, but Clifford Ann dropped in her putt, and the U.S. team won the hole with an eagle 3. Two holes later this led 1 up and were never behind again. Neither were the other American pairs. Miss Ashley and Miss Johnstone, in fact, won their match by a record margin of 8 holes up with 7 to play.

The singles matches the following day struck only one cheerful note for the British in an otherwise gloomy dirge. The youngest Britisher, Miss Frearson, proved to be the best player as well. She hits a long ball and putts with the sure authority of an American. Only three-over-par for the 29 holes she played, she defeated a luckless Judy Bell, 8 and 7. While Diane's excellent showing may supply a shred of encouragement for Britain's youth-training plan, their players still have much to learn. With only two in three exceptions, they do not hit the ball nearly far enough, nor nearly high enough to compete with the U.S. players. In addition, their long, flaccid putting strokes are not at all effective on fast, contoured greens. Nor is their heavy reliance on touch and feel in their putting apt to stand up to an attack of nerves under pressure.

But the British girls made a delightful impression during their visit to Colorado, the first time their team has been west of the Mississippi. And if the British Isles had to send some ladies 5,000 miles to receive such a trouncing, they could not have picked more pleasant ambassadors to carry out the suicidal assignment. It's just too bad that the Army band could have rightfully sent them away with the aptly named tune it used to greet them, the Roger march.

END

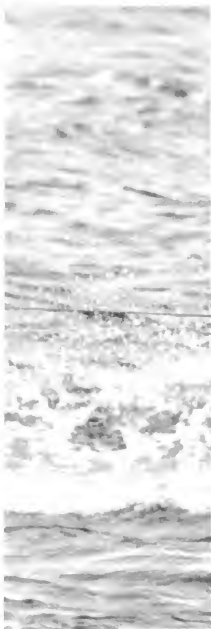
LONE BRITISH WINNER was Diane Frearson, whose face reflects her team's lost cause.





Steady As She Goes

The smiling skipper behind the helm above may seem to be keeping a weather eye out for his wife and his child as they bounce along the waves, precariously perched in tandem on water skis. But this former naval person was cruising on a friend's yawl off the coast of Maine, 4,000 miles from the blue Mediterranean, where his wife and daughter, vacationing in Italy, were having their seagoing fun. If he had been closer, the Commander in Chief might have looked more alarmed than pleased. Less than a minute after the picture was snapped, Jackie, rendered unseaworthy by Caroline's wriggling, lost her balance and temporarily foundered.









Casey and the Cops



Casey was a ballplayer. The Honolulu police knew all about that, because Casey was a pitcher and first baseman on their local PAL team. But Casey was also a girl, and the cops, whose league was supposed to be all-boy, didn't know that until rookie Casey was in her first season in 1959. (When a ballplayer is only 9, it's sometimes hard to tell unless the player has a ponytail, and Casey had carefully cut hers off.) By the time the PAL officials found out that she was Carol Kishimoto, Casey had become a star. This year, with 12-year-old Casey pitching (*above*) or playing first base (where she hit a solid .325), the team won the 50th state's pee-wee championship over more than 400 rivals.

by [illegible]



WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BASEBALL?

The pension plan, television and lucrative
endorsements have transformed today's ballplayer
—the best in history—into a harmless drudge

by **STANLEY FRANK**

When I was a boy, several long decades ago, baseball was a different game. For one thing, the players were nowhere near as skilled as they are now, and candor compels me to admit that most of my childhood heroes would look like rump-sprung clucks next to the 1962 ballplayer. The trouble is that all the fun has been diluted out of baseball. Once an asylum for amiable eccentrics, it has become a lifeless charade by actors who look as impersonal as motorcycle cops.

What a waste of talent! The players unquestionably are faster, more mobile and more adept technically than the players of the so-called Golden Age. The fielding nowadays is a sight to behold. Errors have been cut almost in half since 1900, there are about half again as many double plays. Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance is immortalized in song and story as the most famous double-play combination in history. Yet their top figure was 17 DPs in one season. Nowadays a combi-

nation that cannot put together at least 75 a year is shipped back to the minors on the first bounce. Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance went through three consecutive World Series (1906-08) without making a double play. In the 1955 Series, Peeewe Reese took part in seven.

Take hitting. Cobb, Speaker, Wagner and other hallowed heroes who compiled imposing lifetime batting averages got, at a conservative estimate, a dozen scratch hits a season that would be handled easily today. How would that affect their averages? It would knock off 20 points a year.

Take pitching. Years ago the overwhelming majority of big leaguers had two deliveries: a fast ball and a curve. Today rookies fresh off the bus from Dubuque throw a slider and another breaking ball such as a knuckler or a screwball. Bucky Harris, the onetime boy-wonder manager of the Senators, says the slider alone would have slashed another 20 points from the swollen batting averages of his own heyday.

There is no question that the last 20 years have produced the highest proportion of men who would have been outstanding in any era—Williams, Feller, Musial, DiMaggio, Spahn, Ford, Mantle, Mays and Banks, to name only the most obvious.

Some of the nominations on the contemporary list may be disputed. Whitey Ford, for one. Fragile or not, he merely happens to own the best winning percentage since Candy Cummings transformed pitching into a science by throwing the first curve ball in 1864.

It smacks of subversion to suggest that a better shortstop than Honus Wagner ever lived. But one lives right now: Ernie Banks. Wagner was charged with 32 to 60 errors a season. Banks, before a truck knee forced his shift to first base, averaged fewer than 25 boots a year and in 1959 established the alltime record with only 12 misplays in 155 games. To clinch the matter, Banks consistently hit 40 homers a season, an unprecedented feat for a shortstop.

One would suppose that, with all this talent around, the fans would be beating down the gates to get into major league

parks. Alas, not so. Attendance figures this season are respectable compared to 1948, the peak year, only because 388 games have been added to the expanded National and American league schedules. The average crowd has dropped more than 25%, and the collapse of interest in the minor leagues further underscores the sorry state of the great American game of baseball. During this period 20 million boys have reached the 10-to-14 age group which traditionally was crazy about the game, but the majority no longer is smitten.

The slump at the gate dates from the late 1940s, when the game was struck by two blights: 1) the establishment of the pension fund, an admirable idea in principle, 2) TV, in practice a crashing bore that reduces vibrant personalities to dreary statistics.

The pension fund, combined with an average salary of \$17,000 a year, is the greatest incentive to clean living and dull baseball since the invention of house docks. Pension payments range from \$700 a month at age 65, for a man with 20 years of major league experience as a player and/or coach, down to \$112.50 a month at 50 for five years of service. There also are fringe benefits, such as insurance and free hospitalization for participants and members of their families. The cost is only \$334 a year per player; more than 90% of the program is financed by fees for broadcasting the World Series and receipts from the All-Star games, which add up to more than \$2.5 million annually.

It is a flagrant breach of union rules for a working stiff to begrudge lodge brothers the security of a pension, but my dissent is prompted by something more than sheer envy. The setup is dandy for everyone except the fans. They are being shortchanged on the diverting sideshow that once imbued baseball with a loony informality and country-fair atmosphere that were part of its charm.

Players are so obsessed now with piling up equity in the pension fund that they studiously suppress any suggestion of individuality that may brand them

hard-to-handle oddballs. With four new teams providing more marginal jobs than ever before, the big idea is to keep a buttoned-up lip, assume the protective coloration of the herd and hitch a long, comfortable ride on the gravy train.

The beau ideal of the Organization Man is Frank Crosetti, who has been on the Yankee payroll as a player and coach since 1932. Throughout his long tenure Crosetti has confined his pronouncements to yelling "Attaboy!" He has collected, in addition to his salary, 20 World Series shares totaling \$123,857. In sharp contrast, there is the stormy odyssey of Billy Martin, an infielder on six Yankee pennant winners.

Casey Stengel called Martin the team's sparkplug, but he was exiled to Kansas City in 1957 after a nightclub incident that damaged only the stuffy public image of the Yankees. He subsequently was traded to Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Minnesota, never lasting more than one season with a club. Martin is no longer employed as a player, but you'd have a hard time convincing knowledgeable fans he couldn't help half a dozen teams right now.

What's the rap against Martin? Well, sir, he has certain personality traits that irritate colleagues. He hates to lose and nags them to bear down harder. The guy is a disruptive influence. His constant yacking about games lost through lack of hustle is pretty nerve-racking.

Jimmy Piersall is another annoying rabble-rouser. Last year he led the fifth-place Indians with a .322 average and was the only drawing card of a franchise that has dropped nearly a million paid admissions in the last decade. Four days after the season ended he was traded to the last-place Senators. His teammates didn't like his antics.

It is heartwarming to contemplate the reprisals that the Gashouse Gang would have taken against the sourpusses who frowned on exuberant byplay. The Gang probably was the most overrated ball club ever enshrined in the affections of its countrymen. During the six seasons they flourished in St. Louis (1932-37) they won only one pennant, yet their flair for showmanship gave them a more

continued

enduring identity than any team of the last generation.

Customers went out an hour before game time to see the Gang's sleight-of-hand stunts in pepper games. Dizzy Dean lit bonfires in the dugout to warm up rallies when the thermometer hit 102° in the shade. Pepper Martin slid into bases on his chin just for the heck of it. Joe Medwick kept alive his reputation as the best bad-ball hitter in the business by needing putchers, then knocking bean balls over the fence. When there were no handier outlets for their *élan*, the Gang took batting practice on each other's skulls in intramural fends.

Rabbit Maranville, the most engaging zany of them all, called the turn on the current situation a decade ago when the clammy hand of conformity began to squeeze the meaty juices from the game. The Rabbit had a lifetime batting average of .258 and never stunned anyone with his artistry afield, but he made the Hall of Fame on color. Said Rabbit:

"Nobody gets a kick out of baseball anymore, because big salaries and the pension fund have made it a more serious business than running a bank. Don't get me wrong. I'm all in favor of players getting all the dough they can from the owners. It's great that a man can set himself up for life by sticking in the big leagues for 10 years. Guys in my time played for the love of the game. That's about all there was in it for them. Kids today forget that the fans' love of the game pays the freight for their salaries. Sometimes it seems they're just using baseball as a front for the restaurants, bowling alleys and other sidelines they buy as soon as they get a bonus for signing."

When Maranville broke in with the Braves in 1912, Ty Cobb's \$9,000 salary was the highest pay in the majors. Maranville received \$125 a month, the going rate for rookies. His winning share from the 1914 World Series, in which the Braves pulled the upset of the ages by beating the Athletics in four straight, was \$2,812.

"A ballplayer can't afford to horse around now," the Rabbit went on. "His arms and legs are so valuable he'd be a sucker to risk them to get a laugh. Years ago it was no great tragedy if you knocked an arm or a leg out of whack. You went back to work for a living and made almost as much dough. A sore arm today is like losing a small fortune.

You can't get a bong out of a job when every move may be your last one at \$20,000 to \$80,000 a year."

Modern capitalists in spiked shoes, coddled and attended by a covey of medical specialists, seem to last only about half as long as the Rabbit did strictly on gusto. He weighed all of 150 pounds, and his muscular development was negligible, yet his career in the National League spanned 24 years. After breaking a leg in spring training in 1934, he came back the following season at the age of 43 to play second base for the Braves, and four years later he still was taking his cuts as a playing manager in the Eastern League.

The Rabbit was the butt for most of his own gags. When he was in a batting slump, he occasionally trotted up to the plate, chirped, "Strike three," before a pitch was thrown, then went back to the dugout. Upon hitting a high foul, he would mount his bat like a hobbyhorse and attempt to hex the catcher by pursuing him with shrill imprecations.

His other target, it is pertinent to note, was players who annoyed everyone with delaying tactics. Once, when a pitcher tried to pick him off second base half a dozen times, the Rabbit cooled off the clump by crawling back to the bag between the umpire's straddled legs. When his own pitcher stalled, he would lean against an imaginary wall behind the infield and sag slowly until he collapsed on the ground. If Maranville were playing today, he would spend more time on the flat of his back than a British heavyweight during working hours.

On July 23 the first formal TV broadcast from the U.S. relayed to Europe by Teletar carried a few moments from a game between the Cubs and Phillies. That portion of the program aroused much interest overseas. "We only got a brief look at the game," a carpenter in Rome commented, "but it looked like it might be fun."

It sure might be, *austrô*, if the heroes got the lead out of their pants and performed the chores they are paid to perform. The time consumed by interminable conferences and silly posturing probably has done more to drive away fans than any other factor.

A football and a baseball are in play about the same length of time during a regulation game, but pro football has

adopted a few simple procedures to give the illusion of high-powered action. The players dash in and out of the huddle as though they are being chased by process servers. Even when the clock is stopped after a score or a grounded pass, the gladiators line up with snap and precision. More often than not, kickoffs into the end zone are run out at great risk to life and limb; such derring-do runs frequently result in less yardage than a touchback.

Baseball, on the other hand, is infested with pointless loafing that exhausts the patience of its customers. In 1905 the average playing time of a major-league game was one hour and 49 minutes. Last season it was 2:41, and this year the figure will be pushed up a few more notches. The Mets, to cite a horrible example, are taking an average of two hours and 54 minutes to lose. Incredible as it seems, a 1962 ball club, operating under the rules in force in 1905, requires almost an hour more to complete a game.

The worst time killers are, of course, the conferences on the mound that drain off the tension whenever a dramatic situation is building up. The catcher and the infielders congregate to commiserate with the pitcher on his ineptitude or, it seems, try to give the oaf courage to carry on and face the next batter. Such meetings not only are annoying but are contrary to a basic concept of sport.

Resourcefulness, the ability to make quick decisions under pressure, is the hallmark of a professional athlete, and it's high time men good enough to play in the big leagues were forced to demonstrate they possess it. A semiretired fighter knocked groggy can't call for time out to get advice from his handlers. There is no reason why a pitcher in full command of his faculties, if any, should be permitted to call a board of directors meeting whenever the heat is on.

Bill McKeechie, who participated in an Old-Timers' Day at Yankee Stadium shortly after he was inducted into the Hall of Fame a few weeks ago, was appalled by the endless gabbling. "What in the world can a catcher tell a pitcher if the guy doesn't come prepared to pitch in the first place?" he demanded. "Not a damn thing. We were in a lot of tight spots when the Reds won two straight pennants just before the war, but I don't remember Ernie Lombardi ever going out to talk to a pitcher. Everyone on the team knew what he was supposed to do.

continued

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All this floundering is the earmark of sandlotters, not professionals."

There is no earthly reason why all conferences during a game should not be abolished. Before the opening of most series, the manager reviews the "book" on the opposition, discussing each player's batting weaknesses, speed and throwing arm. The battery has its signals. If further guidance is needed from the bench, the catcher can get it through signals by the manager. A wave of the hand from the dugout can order the infield to drop in to cut off a run at the plate or play back for a double play. The manager has two thumbs—one to jerk a wavering pitcher, the other to summon a reliever from the bullpen. There is ample opportunity to plan strategy between innings as the game develops.

What is the big brass doing to relieve the problem? They are doing what they characteristically do: nothing. Come to think of it, that's a good deal more helpful than the brainstorming that seized George Trautman, the minor league president, on July 20. Trautman gave approval to Jack McKeon, manager of Vancouver in the Pacific Coast League, to communicate with his pitchers from the bench by using a radio transmitter. The pitcher picks up the signals in a small transistor set carried in his shirt pocket. The next step, of course, is to rig up receivers tuned to the other side's wave length, thereby touching off another loud, foolish wrangle over stolen signals. (Pro football went through this ridiculous routine several years back, quickly abandoned it.)

Relief pitchers also are guilty of flagrant impositions on the fans' time. They saunter in from the bullpen like a banana republic's field marshal reviewing the troops and proceed to take the eight leisurely warmup pitches allowed by the rules. More nonsense. A quarterback comes off the bench in freezing weather and starts pegging the ball immediately. A basketball player requires a touch as delicate as a pitcher's, but he doesn't get practice shots when he checks into the game. A reliever doesn't come into the game cold. He has been throwing in the bullpen and should be ready to work as soon as he reaches the mound.

It would be an interesting experience in doubletalk to hear League Presidents

Joe Cronin and Warren Giles explain what has become of the rule that states explicitly that a pitcher must deliver the ball within 20 seconds after taking his position on the mound when the bases are empty. No effort at all is made to curb the stupefying routines of too many pitchers before they step on the rubber. They dust their hands on the resin bag, massage the ball, peer morosely at the scoreboard, mop their beetling brows, hitch up their pants, kick divots in the dirt, stare with slack-jawed dismay at the catcher's signal and finally throw a ball two feet wide of the plate.



Then there is the dreary war of nerves between pitcher and hitter, each one jockeying to upset the other by stepping out of the batter's box or off the mound. When it is the pitcher's turn at bat, hundreds of children are born before he condescends to select a bat and amble to the plate. The hulk should be in the on-deck circle instead of loitering in the dugout.

Although there are many contenders for the dubious distinction, the No. 1 pest probably is the Body Beautiful type who regards TV as a heaven-sent invention to exhibit his muscles. If Rocky Colavito's calisthenics before he goes to bat were laid end to end, he would wind up where most fans would like to see him consigned. The next time the Angels play the Tigers, little Albie Pearson can strike a blow for the return of the two-hour game by mimicking Rocky, a public service that may even bring him the MVP award.

Irritating as the TV hams are, they do show more animation than the players who go to the other extreme by afflicting

impassive masks on the field. In a sense, the boys can't be blamed for putting on a frozen-faced act. They never know when the beady eye of the TV camera will catch them off guard and bring censure for conduct unbefitting idols of impressionable youths. A few years ago Mickey Mantle was spotted chewing bubble gum during a game. You would have thought he was nibbling on hashish the way he was denounced for encouraging a nasty habit. Time was when the players enlivened the exercises by exchanging remarks that enriched the earthy imagery of the mother tongue. Today they sit in the dugout like wooden Indians, Lip-readers may be watching.

The worst effect of TV's impact on baseball is the pall its harping on statistics has cast over the folklore and the esthetics of the game. That's right, the esthetics of baseball. Years ago Hendrik Willem Van Loon, a cultural historian, wrote in *The Arts*: "I am sure I never quite understood the real beauty of Greek sculpture until I saw Babe Ruth knock out a home run in the last inning of a very important game. Ruth may not be particularly interested in the Elgin Marbles (he may even think they are something he used to play with as a boy), but he came as

close to being a living reincarnation of some of the best work of classical Greece as anything that was ever brought to my attention."

All the perspective conducive to a true appreciation of esthetic values is ignored in the predigested pap TV feeds the fans. Announcers bombard us incessantly with figures suggestive of a contest between electronic computers. We are informed of changes to the third decimal point in a batter's average each time he steps to the plate. We are glutted with trivia ranging from a team's cumulative total of stranded pinch runners to its consumption of towels during a doubleheader. If a man is making a pass at an obscure record that has not been broken since last Wednesday, it is repeated with the insistence of a hurricane warning. Monotonous commentary is made more tedious by TV's taboo on anything vaguely controversial.

Analysis of strategy that backfires is verboten. It has overtones of second-guessing the manager and exposing him

continued

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NEW BASEBALL

as something less than a person. Baseball's rich fund of droll anecdotes is off limits; females who have crushes on players may object to funny stories that depict their dreamboats as chowderheads. Comparison of players, a subject that intrigues fans, is a hot potato. One man's opinion is another crank's gripe. Statistics can't be challenged. They offend no one except people driven out of their minds by the gibberish.

Small wonder baseball is losing appeal to boys. It has all the earmarks of a conspiracy to teach them arithmetic. Another deterrent to their understanding of the sport is the togetherness hit parents foist on them. Kids no longer save allowances to go to ball games. They are taken by indulgent fathers and treated to grandstand seats on the theory that the best is none too good for the manly little fellows. A boy can't acquire an appreciation of baseball from the carriage trade. He hears only rehearsed newspaper comment from occasional fans. His proper place is in the bleachers, where he can learn the refinements of the game from dedicated students who have made baseball their life's work to the exclusion of other gainful employment.

The best tutor I ever had was Louie the Fishman, long the resident oracle in the bleachers at the Polo Grounds. Louie's vocabulary and lung power indicated he was descended from a long line of auctioneers, but he had a rare gift for sizing up a situation. I recall a game in which Shufflin' Phil Douglas, a pitcher noted for his exploits at night long before lights were installed in ball parks, was locked in a 1-1 tie with the Cubs. Douglas opened the eighth inning by walking the opposing pitcher, whereupon John J. McGraw, the Giants' manager, summarily yanked him. Louie's disciples asked why McGraw was so riled up over a merely base on balls.

Louie explained how the walk loused up the delicate balance between offense and defense. Gaps were opened in the Giant infield, with the first baseman holding a punch runner close to the bag, the shortstop and second baseman shading toward second to get the jump on a double-play ball and the third baseman playing shallow for a possible bunt. The reliever couldn't use his best pitch, a knuckler, because it was tough for the catcher to handle on an attempted steal.

The lesson took less time than a TV commercial and was a good deal more educational. Sure enough, two cheap hits through the drawn-in infield helped kick the Giants 3-1.

I've been listening to broadcasts for 35 years, and I have yet to hear an announcer analyze, as Louie did, a subtle turning point that makes baseball so fascinating. Maybe the business can survive without a hard core of addicts who understand strategy and all that fancy stuff. But it will continue to wither on the vine without the rapport between players and fans that once gave baseball a cachet possessed by no other sport.

When I was a boy, players made an effort to cultivate the interest of kids in the bleachers. The great favorite at the Polo Grounds was George Burns, the Giants' left fielder, who held court before the game under an ad on the fence that read: LAST YEAR GEORGE BURNS CAUGHT 357 FLIES. TANGLEFOOT CAUGHT 4,700,000,000. Burns introduced us to such esoteric secrets as throwing a curve, playing a fly ball sidesaddle to avoid the glare of the sun and shifting the feet to hit the ball in a given direction. We never mastered the tips, of course, but they were the more precious for having come from a living, breathing big leaguer.

Dave (Beauty) Bancroft, the shortstop, would grin and hold up his glove when we yelled, "Let's see the doughnut!" He cut out the palm of the glove and caught the ball on the meat of his hand, a trademark of toughness in those days. Beauty's Spartan example helped us endure the sting of the ball, the bane of small boys through the ages, until we learned to "give" with the throw and ease its impact.

Today players in uniform are fined for talking to kids, and both leagues post umpires in the stands before games to report violations of the rule. Sometimes it seems the easiest way to get a hero's autograph is to buy a TV show. He will be very happy indeed to give you his signature on the back of a check for plugging your product in a commercial.

I'm an alarmist, of course. The situation is not as bleak as I've painted it. After all, live ballplayers will be seen in contention during the upcoming World Series. Things could be worse. Remington Rand could be priming Univac to battle the IBM Robots for the championship. That's far off in the misty future. A good five, 10 years.

END

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THE DARLING DIPLOMACY OF TENNIS

This week the finest amateur tennis players from all over the world will arrive in Forest Hills, N.Y. to play in the national championships. Their number will include not only the most talented performers from nearly two dozen countries but also some of the most charming. One example is Germany's dark-haired, 22-year-old Helga Schultze (*see cover*) who, despite her No. 3 national ranking, insists she plays tennis just for the fun of it. Helga's piquant compatriot, first-ranked Edda Buding (*opposite*), finds even more fun in tennis than Helga. Like both of these German beauties, many other attractive and skillful representatives of tennis have spent the summer traveling from nation to nation and from tournament to tournament. New Zealanders have gone to southeast Asia, Australians to Soviet Russia, a Dane has gone to India and a Mexican to France. On the following pages, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents the credentials of some of these lovely ambassadors to the world's courts.





South Africa's Sandra Reynolds Price was a finalist at Wimbledon in 1960, champion of Germany the same year.



Australia's Madonna Schacht (*left*), a stenographer for a bank in Brisbane, is on her first overseas tour.



France's best girl player, Florence de la Courtié (*above*), got married at the Wimbledon tournament.

Denmark's Inge Overgaard began playing at 13, won Denmark's national junior championship four times.



California's Karen Hantze Susman, a 19-year-old bride of a year, was the surprise winner at Wimbledon last month.

I TOOK TENNIS . . .

by BARBARA HELMAN

Karen Hantze Susman and her husband Rod sat side by side at the luncheon table, eating macaroni salad to keep up their strength. The eastern grass court championships were under way at South Orange, New Jersey; Karen had just defeated Carol Southmayd, and Rod was about to play Clark Graebner. "I like sandwiches real well," said Karen, accommodatingly, starting on a sandwich. No sandwich purveyor was within earshot, but it was like Karen to make the statement in case one might be. The 19-year-old Wimbledon champion is a gentle creature off the tennis court, given to allowing her new husband to finish her sentences and not given to talking with her mouth full. "What kind of court do you like best?" she was asked. Karen waved a hand for time to swallow, and Rod said, "Cement."

"Cement," Karen affirmed, emerging. "And grass, of course, but you prefer what you grew up playing on. If you come from the Midwest, maybe you like clay. And it depends on the kind of game you play, of course."

Karen Hantze was born in San Diego in 1942, an only child whose parents have now been divorced for two years. Like many California children, she was early wrapped up in swimming and tennis. She took up both at the same time—tennis with Eleanor (Teach) Tennant, Maureen Connolly's coach, and swimming with Bill Lucas. "My father was in the Navy with Bill and discovered he was in San Diego when I was 9 or 10," Karen said. "Father thought he'd like him to teach me, so he took me over." In California many 8-year-old swimmers have reputations and records. Lucas told prospect Hantze to swim the length of the pool, and "we were both shocked," Karen recalls, "when I told him, 'I'm sorry I can't quite do that for you now. I can't swim.'"

A year or so later, however, Karen was swimming well enough and playing tennis well enough to have to be told to rest for a year from all competition. And then to choose tennis or swimming.

"I took tennis," Karen says. "I really don't know why. I must have had a reason. I wish I could remember. I think

maybe if I just thought about it I could recall—but I just can't remember."

Whatever the elusive reason, the decision shaped up as a sound one. In 1957, at 14, Karen Hantze won the U.S. girls' (18 and under) singles championship. In 1958 (with Helene Weill) she became girls' doubles champion. In 1959 and 1960 she was both singles and doubles champ. As a senior at Mission Bay High School in San Diego, she achieved No. 2 position on the 1960 Wightman Cup team. Making the cup team was apparently for Karen a point of no return—the point no young champion recognizes but which the observer can put a finger on later and say, "There's where she was hooked." Of tennis before the cup team Karen says, "It was just something to do after school." And afterwards: "Making the Wightman Cup team, that was a big thrill for me. I began working out at night." In 1960 and 1961 she came and saw Wimbledon, and in 1962 she conquered, bringing the English championship back to the United States for the first time since 1958 and becoming the second youngest woman ever to win it (the youngest: Coach Tennant's other pupil, Maureen Connolly).

By 1959 many experts were predicting a spectacular tennis career for Karen Hantze—most, in fact, except old Mercer Bursley, who went sourly on record as sure Karen would never really make it. She was too pretty. She would become "a cover gal, a clothes model, queen of this and that and the belle of the ball"—but never a champ. Karen resisted this particular batch of a pretty girl's temptations, but succumbed to something else. She took to holding hands. In 1959 she met young Rod Susman at Merion. They became inseparable, and certain elements within amateur tennis promptly had a small convulsion and undertook to separate them.

"She was good," Rod said bluntly, "and I was sort of an independent, lowly ranking player—they couldn't have cared less that I was even on the tournament circuit."

"Oh, I don't think that was it," Karen said to this, flustered.

continued

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KAREN SUSMAN

"That certainly was it," Rod said. Karen's husband has the softest-looking brown hair imaginable, which makes it difficult to describe him as "bristling" but, in theory anyway, Rod bristles when he contemplates the efforts of the "certain elements" to break up his romance. Elements that extended even to the cloak-and-dagger point of keeping Karen's off-the-court whereabouts secret. Almost more upsetting to the court-ing couple was the fatherly advice they both received: Rod's a lot less gentle than Karen's. Karen reacts to questions about it all with a real fright, as though even now she and Rod could be separated, or swooped down upon and their tennis rackets snatched away. She doesn't like to talk about it. "Certain people did do things," she said nervously. "We won't mention any person's name. I mean, they thought they were doing what was right. I mean, I was young. I was 17. But you could come up to this tennis club and see Joe Nobody and Susie Nobody holding hands, or going together, and no one would care, and not that I'm in the limelight on anything, but as soon as they noticed I was interested in anything but tennis, . . ." Her voice trailed off a little. Then, gathering courage, she went on, "Now I wonder how I ever let them do it. It's a natural thing, you don't spend all day looking at a tennis ball. But for some reason on the tennis circuit it's out of place. But it's natural, really."

Karen Susman obviously still suffers from the strain of having been told by an adviser of some importance that it was not permissible to fall in love and that she ought not to see Rod anymore. "And Karen agreed with him," Rod huffs. "Well, I kind of went along with him—no, I didn't," Karen struggles. "I'm polite, that's what it is."

Rod and Karen finally made their way through all this luzz and were married last September after her third-round defeat in the Forest Hills tournament.

It was a small wedding, in San Antonio. Rod went back to Trinity University and Karen straight to housekeeping.

We don't really know exactly what we'll do after Rod gets out of school," Karen said. "I think he'd like public relations, something like that, in business. Or just selling. He likes to sell. I think you have to work your way up," she said trustfully. "If I ever decide to go back to school I'd study to be a secondary-

(continued)

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING

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school teacher. I'd like to go to California. A lot of the kids there play tennis." For the moment, however, it's back to the house and the cookbooks. "I've got two I use," Karen says. "I traveled so much I never had to cook, but I do all of it now." Her first undertaking was meat loaf. "Really good, hm? It was an awfully rush thing. We were married on a Friday, and we went into Houston Saturday and Sunday for our honeymoon and Sunday night I said, 'Well, it's now or never. Let's have some meat loaf.'"

Karen has no hobbies—no flares—but she admits to a suppressed passion for mosaics. "I love mosaic. I'd love to make one of those tables—have you seen them? But Rod won't let me. He doesn't think I'll finish it."

"Karen," Rod said to this, askance, "they might quote that. But how are you going to cart a 50-pound table around the country? What would you do with a 50-pound table?"

Rod's point is well taken, particularly since the Susmans hope to be traveling more, rather than less, for a while. Karen has never done the full tour, and since she has been married she has spent the school year at home, nine months out of 12. When Rod graduates they would like to have a go at the whole thing. "We plan to do it for about a year," Rod says. "If they still have a tour all year round." This will no doubt be all right with Karen, because everything is all right with Karen as long as she is with Rod. Early this month she refused an invitation to Russia that could not include him, but she has said, "If you get into a routine of tennis 12 months out of the year, I don't see how you could want to go on playing." Also, Karen is not as strong as some of the beeper young ladies playing tennis. She does not play her best week after week after week. Since her victory at Wimbledon the young champion has been plagued by an injured thumb, and by Australia's Margaret Smith, who seems to have her jinxed, it may not be so much Margaret's game as a relentless stamina that Karen is not always able to match.

Whatever the case there, Karen Hantze Susman is a pretty girl who has won at Wimbledon and can make a good meat loaf. At 19, many girls would be content to sit down and rest on those laurels.

END



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From the Quilquihue to Tierra del Fuego, the author and two companions sought the fabled trout and salmon of Argentina and found the fish only a bit smaller than the tallest tales

A PATAGONIAN ODYSSEY

by ERNEST SCHWIEBERT

The river dropped through mountains, pausing in deep green pools. Above our camp at Pachi Tráful, where the river eddied among mossy boulders, large trout rose softly beneath the trees. The fish I had fought was done in, writhing and rolling, bright silver above the bottom gravel. One last, violent splash and it was shimmering in my net. My shout echoed far down the river: "Rainbow! Rainbow!"

Flocks of geese rose startled from the shallows. I shouted again, a tribute to the first trout we had taken from the white-water rivers of Patagonia. It weighed six pounds. Nothing special for these waters.

Lying in both Argentina and Chile, Patagonia is the trunk of the elephant head which is South America. It is a vast anachronism of feudal ranches, remote cavalry posts and hill bandits; partially wild sheep and range cattle outnumber its people 50-fold. The landscape varies from saline wastes to broad meadows to alpine lakes reminiscent of Switzerland, and occasionally the pampas are coned with volcanoes as symmetrical as Fujiyama. Although no game fish were known to exist there until fingerlings were introduced in 1904, the tumbling glacial rivers that drop from the Andean forests into the barren foothills now abound

with several kinds of trout and salmon.

Patagonia was discovered in the 16th century by Vespucci and Magellan, but its interior was largely unexplored until Darwin probed inland with whaleboats in the early 1800s. It remains a land of paradox and promise. The Patagonian Andes are among the few uninhabited temperate regions left on earth, and in their lakes and rivers is some of the finest fishing in the world.

Not long ago I visited Patagonia at the invitation of Bob Zwirz, who was evaluating the area's fishing opportunities for the Argentine government. Accompanying us was Berni Schoenfeld. It was the fish that lured us there, absurd as it may seem to travel such a distance for rainbow trout. We flew to Buenos Aires and drove about 1,100 miles to the Andes in a pick-up truck.

Our month was a bright, wet *Baedecker* of peerless trout and salmon rivers. We restlessly traveled and camped and fished across the Andes. Our odyssey was filled with rumors of rivers bottomed with salmon and of enormous trout that gathered under glacier-fed waterfalls. We even heard that some Patagonians considered rainbows trash fish because they were so large and numerous.

One day we reached a remote trading post near the Chilean border. We pur-

chased ponchos and Patagonian herets for fishing in the fierce winds and silver-ornamented gounds for yerba maté, the potent herb tea.

Zwirz bought two kilos of maté herbs. "We'll make some," he said, "and check the legend out."

"Legend?" we asked.

"Sure," Zwirz explained. "The Indians believe that maté will bring you back to Patagonia."

We brewed our first maté at Melquina and pushed on into the mountains. In San Martín de los Andes, we searched out an Argentine rancher familiar with the rivers of the region and found him watering an English garden in willow cavalry breeches and riding boots. He volunteered to show us the best water himself, since our visit was an excuse for some fly-fishing, and said he would settle us in a campsite on his land. Our truck climbed from San Martín into a treeless basin relieved by the distant linear oasis of a river.

We made our *campamento* on the lower Quilquihue River in thigh-deep beds of mint, while condors circled overhead. Immediately Zwirz attacked the heaviest currents in search of trophies. Schoenfeld followed, burdened with fishing tackle and cameras.

The Quilquihue fishing was, in a word, incredible. Our sense of values, conditioned to the trout-poor but tradition-rich rivers of the Appalachians and the

PATAGONIAN PERPET firmly in place. Author Schwiebert casts in high wind and turbulent water of the Boca Chimehan for brown and rainbow trout ranging upward of five pounds.

continued

Catskills, was in serious peril. Schoenfeld merely suffered. The spool had slipped from his reel and he spent the entire evening rise entangled in his line. Big rainbows rolled and splashed and gorged themselves all around him while he struggled with knots and tangles. Two hundred feet upstream my dry fly dropped over a rising fish and disappeared in a powerful swirl. The big rainbow slashed downstream into the backing, then jumped and showered Schoenfeld: ultimate indignity! I stripped and reeled unhappily to recover slack. "He's only four or five pounds!" I called.

"Only four or five pounds!" Schoenfeld growled. "Patagonia has ruined you!"

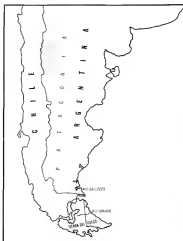
Our values received another blow at the Boca Chimehuin. There the river currents gathered and quakened in the outlet of Lake Huechulafquén, churning over lava ledges into a reach of water that has surrendered two world's fly-fishing records in the last decade. Incessant wind howled down the 45-mile lake and rolled great breakers into the river mouth. Waves crashed over the ledges and the wading was foul. The swift shallows were paved with grapefruit-size rocks and the lava outcroppings dropped off into churning potholes and channels. Fishing there in the wind and the waves, with the fierce current boiling around our legs, had all the wildness of surf casting.

We took fewer fish at the Boca Chimehuin, but none of its browns and rainbows were under five pounds. Big trout slammed our flies and exploded down through the maelstrom, smashing our tackle and leaving us muttering like the ill-fated crew of the *Proquet*.

We later tried to reach the remote Pumón basin with a retired old innkeeper from Junín de los Andes. His formula for our proposed three-day expedition was "poco pan y mucho vino"—little bread and much wine. I rode in his ancient sedan, while Schoenfeld and Zwarg followed in the truck. We climbed the narrow timber road above Huechulafquén: ahead rose a volcano, its crater concealed in a sombrero of ice-clouds and mist. The old car strained up the steep grades, often slipping out of gear, and the innkeeper swore and forced it back. Huechulafquén glittered far below, its purple surface darkened with

wind. We pushed deeper into the Andes, following tortuous shelf-cuts no wider than our truck.

Finally we climbed into rain forests where green glacial torrents crossed the road in axle-deep fords and chuted on toward the lake. Tree ferns grew in the drainage hollows and unrecognizable trees made a dense umbrella over our heads. The thickets were threaded with wheeling flights of finches and from farther off we heard the strange "whew-whew" of chevron birds.



FISHING PARADISE

Near the bottom of the world, Author Schwabert and party fished in a remote part of the Patagonian Andes (the shaded area on the map). There they caught big rainbow and brown trout and landlocked salmon in the pools of the Traful and Quilquehue, and in the swift waters of the Boca Chimehuin. Then, proceeding to windswept Tierra del Fuego in a DC-3, they cast into the Rio Grande and took sea-run brown trout until exhaustion and cold rain drove them from the river.

At one point, the road was filled with sheep. Their shepherdess was a dark, solitary girl, who plunged into the thickets and watched us pass with wild staring eyes. The road ended at base camp among copper beeches and monkey puzzle trees.

Farther into the Pumón country, we reached the length of another fjordlike lake and transferred our equipment to small outboards. The lake was dangerous for such craft except in the early morning calm.

But our luck was bad. We waited through three days of foul weather and whitecaps. The fourth morning we awak-

ened in the tree-dripping darkness and listened to the wind. Surf still pounded on the pebble beach and the old innkeeper shook his head. "*Meche viento y muy peligroso*," he said, pointing to the waves and staring out into the gloomy dark. "Maybe another year," Zwarg said.

During our last week in Patagonia we were camped on the salmon-rich currents of the lower Traful. The river below our tents trickled with springs that dripped their lacy pattern through beds of flowers

and ferns. The salmon pools were swift and smooth over trailing weeds and golden gravel. Across the river from our camp, basalt monoliths towered 300 feet above the water, casting other reflections in the current.

Hundreds of salmon hovered over the bottom gravel. They studied our flies and when they took them some bolted while others writhed and spun, berserk, into the air.

We were invited to share a farewell lunch with the Argentine ranchers who owned the headwaters. The simple streamside meal they promised was an extensive *asado* with whole sheep roast-

ing on iron rods, bottles of river-chilled Riesling, and a splendid salad garnished with truffles that were dug from our hosts' orchard.

The women and children had gathered *winey* berries for dessert and we sampled their juices with fresh cream. "Legend holds that *ausbay* is like mate," explained our hosts, "and now that you have eaten *ausbay* you will return to our Patagonia." We sprawled under the trees and talked of salmon until it was time to leave for Bariloche, where an old cargo DC-3 would take us to Tierra del Fuego.

Darwin was the explorer who made Tierra del Fuego famous, but it was Magellan who named it the Land of Fire. Sailing the forbidding palisades of Patagonia, Magellan had tucked his fragile *Vintana* into the wild strait that bears his name. He and his men wondered at the aboriginal fires on the headlands and beaches and named that windy waste Tierra del Fuego.

Nine hours below Buenos Aires, we circled Rio Gallegos and descended to refuel. Our lumbering DC-3 was already committed to its landing roll when the air was suddenly filled with geese. Both the aircraft and the geese miraculously escaped disaster. The pilot came back grinning and cursing. "Kakakaws," he casually explained. "Kakakaws were bunched up all over the runway." We looked weakly at each other and unbuckled our seat belts.

There were no field lights on the tiny runway at Rio Gallegos, and the Patagonian geese had returned to surround the aircraft. "Between those kakakaws and no field lights," we asked the pilot, "what happens down here when you run out of daylight?"

The man frowned and looked down at his feet. "You make your Aet of Contrition," he answered, "and then you make your landing."

At last Tierra del Fuego was ahead, barren and olive-colored and lost in line squalls. Our twilight landing at Rio Grande was made in a 50-knot crosswind that held the ragged windsock as tight as a sausage. All night the wind howled over the village and the kelp-stained tidal beaches. Morning squalls drummed steel on the roof of the oil company mess hall where we had breakfast. Gusts of wind rattled pebbles on the windows; some buildings had wooden wind-fences to break its force. We

a continuing



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were told that it was a normal midsummer morning.

Leaving the village we went inland across the pampas toward the ranch that controlled the Rio Grande. Wind whistled around our trucks while we drove, and, when we climbed out to fish, it shrieked around our bodies. Our rods dipped and wavered in the wind, and sometimes whole casts hovered over the river without falling. Our hosts fished five-inch copper spoons that rifled out into the wind, lost their velocity, stopped in midair, and came back with the wind into the current. We took fine six-pound river browns and rainbows in good numbers, but the bigger sea-run browns escaped us.

Our hosts at the ranch were disappointed. "This is a terrible shame," they said, pointing to our six-pound river fish. "Such three-kilo specimens are nothing when the sea trout are taking."

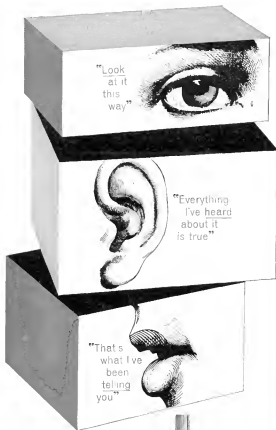
On our last morning in Tierra del Fuego, the sun flickered weakly through low ragged clouds and the wind seemed less fierce. When we dropped down into the river bottoms, improbable flocks of flamingos rose ahead of our trucks. It was an omen. The sea-run browns were in the river and taking. They slashed at our streamers until the hooks were stripped of their feathers. Our rods doubled over, and we stumbled and ran downriver after hooked fish. Reels rasped and jammed under the strain. Lines were lost when unseen trout ran our reels into the bucking, and flies were wrenched from 15-pound leaders on the strike. Some fish were landed, several over eight pounds, and we laid their great sea-armored length in the grass until exhaustion and the cold rain drove us from the river.

That night our host raised his cognac. "You must return again when our sea trout are running." We raised our glasses and drank to that prospect. "We have two legends that will help," added his wife. "The legends of *makey* and *maté*."

"We've sampled both," we said.

Our host shrugged and spread his hands. "Then you will return to Patagonia and our Land of Fire," he said, laughing, "because two legends together make it inevitable."

Two legends—plus those fish **END**



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An orderly route to slam

Some hands are easy to play because they present only a single problem. Others are difficult because the declarer has a number of possibilities to consider; but even these complex hands become much easier if you take on only one problem at a time, being sure you start out with the proper move.

As an example, here is a hand I watched New York Builder Percy Uris play for a grand slam during a weekend rubber bridge game at the summer place of Abe Wechsler, coffee merchant turned restaurateur. I happened to be out out. Lord Sholto Douglas, board chairman of British European Airways, was Uris' partner; Wechsler was paired with Lester Buchner, attorney and member of the board of the Dreyfus Fund. Although not widely known in tournament circles, all play an expert brand of bridge.

*Both sides vulnerable
South dealer*

SOUTH (Uris)	WEST (Buchner)	NORTH (Douglas)	EAST (Wechsler)
19	PASS	24	PASS
34	PASS	44	PASS
44	PASS	19	PASS
19	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: queen of spades

North's jump bid in a new suit showed a sure game and a possible slam. After South rebid his diamonds, North knew his partner had 10 cards in the red suits. With South's black-suit losers certainly taken care of by his own top cards, North correctly estimated his fillers in the red suits as worth the jump to slam. The course of the bidding assured South that his partner held the king of hearts, so he carried on to bid the grand slam.

On winning the opening lead with dummy's king of spades, South exhibited perfect technique by solving one problem at a time, in the proper order. First on the list was the trump suit. If either opponent held five trumps, South could do something about it providing his first lead revealed that player to be East. So, at trick 2, North's king of hearts was cashed. When both opponents followed, declarer was assured that neither could hold more than four trumps, so he could afford at least one spade ruff. He led a low spade from dummy and trumped it.

South's next task was to find out whether East held four trumps originally, in which case a finesse against the heart jack would be needed. So Uris laid down the ace of hearts and, when everybody followed, he also cashed the queen, drawing East's last trump.

Now it was time to think about the diamond suit. South had already discarded one diamond on the first spade. He had a readymade discard for another on North's spade ace. The third diamond loser would disappear if dummy's last spade could be set up. If not, South could still hope to finesse for the queen of diamonds or drop it. He moved in the latter direction by cashing the diamond ace. Next, he led to dummy's king of clubs, cashed the spade ace and discarded another diamond. Then he led the fourth round of spades and trumped it. When the spades split, South simply went to dummy's high club, discarded another diamond on the long spade and made the last two tricks and the grand slam. It would have been easy to fall into the trap of trying to cash two top diamonds, then discarding dummy's third diamond on the queen of clubs and ruffing a diamond. Or the alternate trap of relying on the diamond finesse. Obviously, neither of these lines would have succeeded.

EXTRA TRICK

There's no such thing as an extra trick if you bid a grand slam. But there can be an extra chance to make that vital 13th trick, and it pays big dividends to find it. **END**



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Drawings by Jimmy Gibbs



BACKSWING: The stance is very open. The club is kept low (solid line) and outside, compared to the normal explosion (dotted line). Swing stops at X.



DOWNSWING: Clubhead comes in from outside (solid line). Club face is open. Sand is struck an inch behind the ball, and ball is "skimmed" out.

A delicate shot that does something no big blast can

The delicate, soft explosion shot from a trap is a difficult one for most golfers, chiefly because they approach it with great uncertainty. They are tempted to chip it, then tempted to blast it, and end up in a mental funk doing neither. Yet it is an excellent shot when you are trapped next to the green and the pin is positioned so near the trap, say within 20 feet, that you cannot play a full, conventional explosion.

It is most important to realize that this shot is not simply a reduced version of the explosion. It requires a technique entirely its own. Address the ball with a wide-open stance. Play it off the left foot, with the blade of your sand wedge turned very open. Turning the blade in this fashion brings the heavy flange more into play, encouraging the club to bounce off the sand instead of digging deep into it. Start the shot by taking the club back to the outside and on a fairly low plane. In other words, do not swing it up as abruptly as you would for the conventional explosion shot. On the downswing, hit the sand about an inch behind the ball and "skim" the ball out, taking very little sand underneath it and keeping your wrists firm on the follow-through. This will give you greater control. The skimming action is created almost automatically by the fact that you have opened up the blade at address and kept it on a low plane during the backswing. To determine how hard you should swing at this shot, imagine that it is a normal chip shot about 50% longer than the shot that faces you. One final word: be extremely careful not to move your head or body. This is one of the most exacting shots that a golfer must face. Nothing is sure to spoil it quicker than moving the head.

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Blanket of gold for a border raid

Fireworks banged and flared along the backstretch in salute to the invisible man and his magical horse. They came jogging up the track to the paddock at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, as the largest harness racing audience but one in American annals—53,279 bemused souls—cheered them on. For most of the spectators, Driver Keith Waples and his sturdy brown trotter, Tie Silk, had assumed form and substance only a few moments earlier when they seized victory for Canada in our most glamorous race, the \$50,000 Roosevelt International, from Driver Stanley Dancer and the favored native son, Su Mac Lad, by a neck.

Tie Silk wore a shimmering blanket of "span gold," as the announcer put it, and Waples a huge grin. "Bravo!" cried a Latin type when Waples dismounted

"Murri-ee," replied the bald, blue-eyed Canadian, diving linguistically into the spirit of the affair.

Fearful that he would vanish at the stroke of midnight, a reporter hurried to Waples, and was given a quizzical look. "This is the first time the press has ever talked to me in New York," he said smilingly. Waples is 38, the father of four, has been driving trotters in Canada and the U.S. since he was 12 (starting at Canadian county fairs), lives in Victoria Harbour, Ontario and claims he is "just average" as Canadian drivers go.

"I won two races last night at Woodbine, Ontario," he said, "and flew in to New York to drive Tie Silk. I'd forgotten my whip, so I borrowed one from an American driver—had to use it, too. That Tie Silk was full of trot. We lay fifth most of the distance. He wanted to

get out from the rail a couple of times, but we were boxed in and couldn't get loose until we were coming up to the mile. Then we closed in behind Su Mac, and I felt we had it won at the head of the stretch." They did, but only by an all-out drive to the wire.

What Waples (pronounced like Naples) did not need to explain is that Tie Silk is so familiar to U.S. racing fans that on this crisp, starlit evening he was more sensed than seen and appreciated, like the steps of one's house. Tie Silk is approximately as Canadian as beaten biscuits and country ham. He was bred in the Kentucky Bluegrass and "made" as a colt by the superb Grand Circuit trainer, Ralph Baldwin (Canadian born himself). Touchy of mouth and cupricious of manner, Tie Silk was nursed to second place in the 1959 Hambletonian

in the International. Except for long-shot players, who got a price of 10 to 1 on him, the Roosevelt crowd did not give him a thought. After all, the 4-year-old Porterhouse had set a world record of 2:32.3 for the International distance the week before, defeating in that race Su Mac himself. And Su Mac, an 8-year-old hay gelding, was considered "short" in that event, having just recovered from one of his many quarter-crack injuries. He was to be ready for a supreme effort in the International.

Speed and on-the-track experience vested with the Yankee trotters. For glamour one looked not to Tie Silk, certainly, but to the European horses: Italy's *Newstar*, winner of the premier Continental race, the *Prix d'Amérique*; France's *Nicolas Grandchamp*; Belgium's *Mon Poulain*; Germany's *Eidelstedter*, to New Zealand's grande dame, the 11-year-old mare *Ordeal*, to the mysterious *Thomas Atkins* from Argentina, who ultimately arrived, after many adventures, too late to race.

Roosevelt's demon talent scouts have a knack for spotting foreign trotters of eccentric tastes and habits. First it was France's artichoke-eating *Jamin*, powerful winner of the inaugural International of 1959. Last year it was *Kriscovic*, who pined until given a goat as stable companion. While this was not a vintage year for eccentricity, it had its moments. *Eidelstedter* was a frisky heast; he jauntily kicked five teeth aloft in the mouth of his groom on the air journey to the U.S. At the barn reserved for foreign horses he was fond of poking his head through the door and taking a nip at every arm within biting range. A creature of wide-ranging appetites, he licked honey from a can for dessert. All the invaders were said to be high-spirited. "They are very gay," reported one European newsmen, employing the dictionary meaning of the word. "Eidelstedter has never been more vivid than he is right here," he added.

About the race, however, *Eidelstedter's* driver, Johannes Fromming, spoke for all foreign drivers when he said, "We fear the *Amerikamer*." Nobody was concerned about *Waples* and *Tie Silk*, and they were decidedly inconspicuous through a good part of the race. It was Su Mac, leaving from No. 3 post, who looked the most vivid as he brushed past the horses wide to take the lead just past the


first turn. Porterhouse had drawn the rail position and stayed there, trotting beautifully. *Nicolas Grandchamp* hung on the rim between Su Mac and Porterhouse—and stayed there and stayed there. When he broke gas in the next-to-last turn, just after the 34-mile mark, he may have upset Porterhouse. "That cost Porterhouse the race," said his driver, Earle Avery, later. *Tie Silk*, after a comfortable, ground-saving journey, breezed up behind Su Mac approaching the mile and simply outtrotted him in the stretch. The early brush had cost Su Mac dearly.

Still, the finish was thrillingly close. You could have heard a milk stool drop in the track's glass-enclosed dining room and clubhouse areas, where a host of lacquered ladies and their white-tied escorts breathlessly waited for the numbers to be posted. There was a gasp and a roar when *Tie Silk's* was put up. And then there was *Waples*, invisible no longer, a man of flesh and blood and, now, considerable international fame, grinning his way to the winner's circle. He may still be grinning.

With the International past, trotting fans now turn to the most important race of all, next Wednesday's *Hambletonian*, at Du Quoin, Ill. Rarely have so many first-class colts and fillies clamored for hacking. Rarely, indeed, have they been so unpredictable. News that Driver Sanders Russell has purchased 28 tickets for friends for *Hambletonian* Day was the clincher for some observers. They are sure Russell's Hot Men colt, A.C.'s Viking, winner of 10 of 11 races this year, is going to be the winner. Russell did not invite his guests out just to see the Du Quoin fair. But for other speculators there remain some nagging questions. Will Impish, off form recently, regain the incomparable turn of speed she displayed as a 2-year-old? Will Safe Mission accelerate his recent sharp improvement under Joe O'Brien's careful hand? Will those marvelous fillies, Sprite Rodney, Spray Rodney and Worth Seen, find the stamina to go with their undoubted speed? Will foxy John Simpson astonish us once more (as he did in The Messenger Stake this spring with a 71-1 upset victory) by scoring with his slowly developing Isaac?

Oh, well, let's say it is going to be A.C.'s Viking.

END



Over the line slipped a pair
of Canadians to plunder
our rich International Trot

Stake by Baldwin. After The *Hambletonian* he was sold north for \$40,000 to the Miron brothers of Quebec, who have a large racing stable.

Tie Silk was always a good trotter but, because of his hypersensitive mouth, never of the first rank. He could not be rated; he raced on his own terms and judgment. But as the best Canadian-owned trotter he became the perennial Canadian International entry, finishing sixth to *Haars II* in 1960 and third to Su Mac Lad last year. Last September he broke a bone in his left front ankle, but this soon healed. He was first given to *Waples* to train in February.

Although he had increased his lifetime earnings to a fat \$265,370, with money finishes in sizzle races, *Tie Silk* was considered no great threat to the American pair of Porterhouse and Su Mac Lad

Sonny Liston: a smell of rain and victory

A relaxed heavyweight challenger decks his sparring partners with punches and his hangers-on with laughs as he wraps up 12 jolly weeks of training in New York's Borscht Circuit

At SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's request, Jack McKinney of the Philadelphia Daily News went to South Fallsburg, N.Y. to "train" with Sonny Liston. McKinney, an amateur boxer and longtime confidant of the heavyweight challenger, spent eight days in Liston's tracks. Here is his report

Two-twenty on the nose; time to go home and slop up a little," Sonny Liston announced unexpectedly as he stepped off the scale. So The Bear came down from the mountain, cross and impatient with the slow tread of time.

After 12 weeks of hard exercise and clean living in the Catskills—relieved only by three short trips back to Philadelphia Liston felt he was ready to beat Floyd Patterson tomorrow, and he chafes at the knowledge that tomorrow won't come until the evening of September 25 in Chicago, weather permitting.

Liston's sparring partners didn't try to hide their delight when the man they call The Bear made his sudden decision to conclude preliminary training at The Pines, a Borscht Circuit resort in South Fallsburg, N.Y., one week ahead of schedule. It meant a welcome break of three weeks and some odd days before mustering in again for the final ordeal at Sonny's formal camp in Aurora, Ill.

"Three whole weeks, just think of it,"

gushed Slim Jim Robinson, a lanky, slick-moving veteran who had found himself in the unenviable position of being Liston's preferred sparring mate. "In three weeks I might even be well again." Although he grinned when he said it, Robinson really wasn't jesting. Only three days earlier, one of Liston's clubbing hooks had torn a muscle in the lower right side of Slim Jim's rib cage.

The temporary loss of Robinson's services might have had something to do with Sonny's abrupt defection from The Pines, but the prime motivation was the challenger's fear of becoming too sharp too soon.

"I don't like this business of training six months or even three months for one fight," Sonny told me one morning. "I can get my body ready for any fight in three weeks—four weeks at the most. I'll never start this early again."

During my days in South Fallsburg I saw clearly that Sonny is the absolute boss of his own training program. The chain of command includes Advisor Jack Nilon, Camp Manager Archie Proffitt, Trainer Willie Reddish and Assistant Trainer Joe Pollino, but it begins with Sonny himself. "Don't bother me with little details," he had instructed Proffitt, a nervous, owl-like little-detail man in his late 60s, "but make sure

all the little details are taken care of."

Although it's customary for the trainer to call days off, Liston reserved this decision for himself, and he didn't abuse it. There was only one evening while I was in camp when he announced after dinner, "We won't run tomorrow," and only one bleak morning when he declared, "No workout today. I smell rain." (It started coming down an hour later.)

"Sonny knows what he's doing," Reddish assured me. "Some fighters have to be driven, but he's not one of them. He's got a remarkable sense of self-discipline and, like he says, he knows his own body better than anyone."

It's a remarkable body, too, bulky in appearance when observed from a distance of, say, 50 feet, but tightly knitted and functionally proportioned for fighting when viewed at close range. For a big man, Liston's coordination is exceptional. Occasionally he would pose himself on the narrow apron of the outdoor training ring and scissors-kick his huge body up and over the top rope without using his hands—a standing high jump of better than four feet.

When I first visited his camp, Sonny was using the track bed of an abandoned railroad for his morning roadwork. His route measured four miles, up and back, and every quarter mile was punctuated by a road crossing, bounded on both sides by wire fencing three feet high. While his running companions would pull up short to straddle-climb these obstacles, Sonny would clear them on the run, like a steeplechase hurdler.

By the time I returned for my longer visit, he had switched to a shorter but even harder route over the hilly nine-hole golf course of The Pines. Here I confirmed an earlier impression that Sonny runs duckfooted, his feet turning out with each forward step, like an exaggeration of the famed Charlie Chaplin walk. He never seemed to vary the pace of this rocking jog, but I found myself lengthening my own stride in a vain attempt to keep up with him.

"Look at the way that man sucks up them hills," gasped Raymond (Munsey) Munson, a 37-year-old noncombatant member of Liston's entourage who proved his loyalty and devotion by hauling himself out of bed every morning at 4:45 sharp to run with the boss. "He don't look like he's going fast, but he

continued



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keeps getting farther and farther away."

Munsey, who is in charge of something or other not clearly defined, is a charter member of the tight little group Liston refers to affectionately as Burns, Incorporated. The others are Bill Morefield, a likable, youthful-looking 36-year-old cook, who closed up his own small restaurant in West Philadelphia to take charge of the training table at South Fallsburg; Teddy King, a 52-year-old ex-featherweight, who doubles as Sonny's equipment manager and official photographer; Reddish, the 48-year-old former heavyweight who succeeded the late Jimmy Wilson as Liston's trainer back in April of 1958; and Pollino, 51, who is respected by fight people as a cut man but is valued even more by Liston for his flair for comedy and his dependability as a straight man in Sonny's improvised skits.

The joke gets old

In their most publicized production, Liston would feign rage over some make-believe transgression of Pollino's (usually nonpayment of a debt or embezzlement of the camp's petty cash fund). Liston would climax a heated exchange of words by clouting Pollino and knocking out several teeth. (The straight man would catch the blow expertly with his palm alongside his face and spit out several white beans.) Pollino would stagger back, pick up a conveniently placed golf club or baseball bat and make for Liston wildly, whereupon Sonny would produce a pistol and shoot Pollino down in his tracks (with blank cartridges). The act horrified at least a dozen visiting writers before Liston and Pollino finally retired it because they felt it had been too widely reviewed in print to be effective any longer.

Sonny's muscular humor manifested itself often during my stay. His morning walks into the town of South Fallsburg always ended at Vince's Barber Shop, where he would signal his arrival by walking up to the cash register, hitting the no-sale button and removing all the paper money. Once he peered through the doorway of the town's liveliest saloon and yelped, "Why, Floyd, what are you doing in there?" After my first couple of days at The Pines the paying guests began greeting me with "Hiya, Bobu" and "Good luck, Bobu." Munsey explained it. "Whenever they ask Sonny who the white fighter is, he tells 'em

continued

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BOXING

you're Bobo Olsen," Murney disclosed, glancing significantly at his hairline.

Sonny had his profound moments, too. Once, after the morning run, I noticed him staring intently at James McCarter, a former college fullback who won the National AAU heavyweight championship in 1936 and now plans to further a professional career under the management of Jack Nilon. "Tell me something, will you?" Sonny finally asked. "Why does a college-educated guy like you want to be a fighter?"

McCarter hesitated for a moment before answering. "Well, it's one way to make a lot of money in a hurry," he said. Laston rejected that reasoning with a scowl. "What's the good of making a lot of money in a hurry if you don't know what you're doing by the time you get to spend it?" he demanded. Before McCarter could answer, Sonny began a familiar dissertation on brain damage.

The cups of the brain

"See, the different parts of the brain set in little cups like this," he declared, placing the knuckles of one fist into the grooves between the knuckles of his other fist. "When you get hit a terrible shot—pop!—the brain flops out of them cups and you're knocked out. Then the brain settles back in the cups and you come to. But after this happens enough times, or sometimes even once if the shot's hard enough, the brain don't settle back right in them cups, and that's when you start needing other people to help you get around."

On another morning Sonny philosophized about the monotony of training. "When that bell rang this morning I felt so lazy I didn't want to hear it. 'What's the difference if I tell myself just this once I don't hear it?' I asked myself. 'Because there's another bell ringing about now just a couple hundred miles from here and Patterson's hearing that one.' I told myself: That's the way it has to be from here on in, I'll hear my bell and he'll hear his bell and we'll both get up and do just about the same thing and keep doing it until a finally comes up the night we both hear the same bell and we're inside those ropes together with the whole rest of the world looking in from the outside.

"Someday they'll write a blues song just for fighters," Sonny Laston predicted dreamily. "It'll be for slow guitar, soft trumpet and a bell."

END

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Young man with will of win

The rarefied atmosphere at 7,400 feet has long made it risky for foreign players to take on Mexico's Davis Cuppers at home, but an even more potent Mexican peril today is an agile whirlwind named Rafael Osuna

According to Australia's shrewd Harry Hopman, the two toughest places in which to compete for the Davis Cup are Italy and Mexico. Last year Italy's cuppers proved the first part of this theorem when they knocked the U.S. out of play in Rome. During the past month Mexico has sustained the second part by defeating first the Americans and then the Yugoslavs to become the American Zone cup champions for the first time ever.

Excitable crowds and a rarefied atmosphere are two prime dangers facing foreigners in Mexico City, according to Hopman, but this year there is a third and more dangerous factor: the small whirlwind named Rafael Osuna, who, with his partner, Antonio Palafox, knocked the Yugoslavs out of contention last week in three almost effortless matches.

Young (23) Osuna is not much to look at. About five feet 10, with a loose-jointed walk, he carries his shoulders hunched and his chin pointed up. He has large, sad eyes, a bony nose, crooked teeth and shiny black hair. When he walks onto a tennis court he has the air of a little boy about to take a licking. The result is that the gallery, even outside Mexico, is almost instantly on his side.

The number of lickings this superb young athlete has taken in recent years, however, is small—and growing smaller. Two years ago he teamed with Dennis Ralston to win the doubles at Wimbledon, then beat Barry MacKay in the Davis Cup matches. Last year in the American Zone finals in Cleveland he won his first singles and the doubles to give Mexico a 2-1 lead going into the final day.

Osuna reached the semifinals of the nationals at Forest Hills last summer, only to lose to Australia's Roy Emerson,



THE WHIRLWIND IN A RELAXED MOMENT

son, the tournament winner. This year at Wimbledon his fantastic agility made him the No. 1 crowd-pleaser of the tournament.

Osuna is exciting to watch. He has incredibly quick reactions. "I have seen him volley shots that are already past him," says Pancho Contreras, the Mexican cup captain. Osuna also has balance, touch and speed, the gifts of a champion. He is an athlete first, a tennis player second. The first sport he took up was ping-pong. "I was 6," says Rafael, whose father is an engineer in one of Mexico's leading oil firms. "My older brother Jesus taught me. I was short and could not see over the tabletop, so I had to stand on soapboxes." By the time he was 10 Osuna had become, incredibly, the sixth-ranking ping-pong player in Mexico. "When you played him all you could see was his head," recalls Contreras. "But he was quick, so quick."

About that time Osuna started playing a little tennis with Jesus, but he didn't like it. "It didn't come to my attention," he says. The family moved to Tampico for a few years, and Rafael

played basketball, baseball, football and soccer there. He was especially good at basketball. When the Osunas returned to Mexico City, Rafael made the top basketball team at the Chapultepec Sports Center (where last week's cup matches were held), even though he was many years younger than most of the other players. Osuna is still interested in all sports. Returning from Europe after a campaign that began in England and ended in Sweden last month, his first questions were, 1) How is Mickey Mantle's leg? 2) Who won the Griffith-Dupis fight? and 3) What happened to Arnold Palmer in the PGA?

By the time he was 18 Rafael had become good enough at tennis to enter the U.S. junior championships. Later he got a full tennis scholarship to USC. He arrived in Los Angeles in the spring of 1959, unable to speak a word of English, took a quick cram course and started classes that fall. He wasn't a dedicated scholar. "I wish I were out of school," he said recently, "but I'll probably wish I were back in when I get out."

Osuna's college life is largely taken up by tennis. He rooms with rival Davis Cupper Dennis Ralston and works on his game five hours a day. But at the moment he has no long-range plans or ambitions and is content to be young and attractive to girls ("I love them all") and to see all the places that tennis takes him to. Now that he has triumphed in the Davis Cup, he has become something of a national hero—"the promise of Mexico" is how one Mexican woman put it.

"Sometimes," says his friend Pancho Contreras, "Rafael does not care, and he will be beaten by a player of second rank. But when Rafael cares, it doesn't matter who is on the other side of the net. He is the best. He has tremendous will of win."

END



To stay thin: eat canard à l'orange

Is the pleasure of eating well a hazard to the
waistline? Not necessarily—many
great dishes have fewer calories than pork and beans

The conscientious epicure is a man who all too often finds himself trapped between two fires: the flame of his desire to sample the great dishes of many countries and the slow-burning inner fire caused by the calories he consumes. How much is too much? If he asks himself the question he will get no satisfactory answer, for reference books that list the calorie content of a baked Idaho, say, or steak medium rare are silent when it comes to gourmet food.

Originally, calories were computed by placing foodstuff inside a small bomb which was then filled with oxygen at high pressure and submerged in water. The food was then set on fire and burned to ashes. The temperature of the surrounding water was measured, and the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one kilogram of water one degree centigrade was designated a calorie.

Such a method seems hardly suitable for *canard à l'orange*, and no one wanted to go to the trouble of cooking a really great gastronomic dish only to burn it to a crisp in a hermetic explosion for the sake of science. Fortunately, calorie counting has become a less violent affair. A dish, whether as complicated as *canard à l'orange* or as simple as steak,

doesn't have to go into a bomb anymore, and calorie counts are now usually made from statistical tables based on food analyses.

Calories have taken on a somewhat sinister meaning in the popular mind; they are now generally considered as indicators of how fat you are going to get if you eat certain foods rather than how much energy those foods can give you. Thus, the poor gourmet sits on the horns of a dilemma, contemplating on the one hand the joys of gastronomy and on the other the price he must pay.

Let him take comfort now in certain facts. For one thing, when gourmet foods are counted up for calories, they turn out to be pretty much like any others in their capacity to nourish in just the right amount or, if carelessly handled, to overnourish. It would be difficult to eat a gourmet meal with greater calorie content than that of a good old home-cooked dinner consisting of baked ham with black-eyed peas and candied yams, followed by a dash of ice cream and cake for dessert.

Some foods, which because of their delicacy are associated with gastronomy, are almost Spartan in comparison with so-called plain foods. Abalone has 240

calories for half a pound, whereas half that amount of simple spaghetti will provide you with the same number of calories. Caviar—the best black Russian king—comes 75 calories to a tablespoon; a single cup of ordinary ginger ale counts 150, and a chocolate malted will set you back 640. Even Jell-O has 100 calories to a helping. That great and extremely rich delicacy, *pâté de foie gras*, contains 30 calories per teaspoon. You can get 40 just by eating half a handful of stale crackers while waiting for your drink in the local bar.

Equipped with a knowledge of the caloric content of the food he loves, what can the gourmet do to offset its waistline-building qualities? Since calories are, after all, measurements of energy, it would seem that the expenditure of energy should neutralize them. And, up to a point, it does. New York has at least one confirmed gastronome who has figured out a system that seems to work. It is simplicity itself: he opposes eating with exercise, and usually manages to come out even.

Thus, on almost any evening, this gentleman can be seen, dressed in a black tie and a dinner jacket, a distinguished and very fit fiftyish, moving along at a

steady dogtrot, head high, arms bent and thrust forward, spring in his toes, on his way to his favorite French restaurant. About two hours later, back he comes, bounding along merrily in the direction of the evening's nightspot.

On what he calls his "running nights" this man is all set for a high-calorie dinner: smoked eel (385), *entrecôte à la melle* (375 for the steak and 175 for the marrow) with pommes gaufrettes (540), a half bottle of Gevrey-Chambertin (180) and perhaps a chocolate mousse (400). He knows that 20 minutes' running each way will take care of about 850 calories. If he has really overdone it, he will perform an hour of the twist, which, along with competitive rowing, reaches one of the highest calorie-consumption figures science has been able to calculate. Thus, by the time he retires, he may have expended nearly 2,000 of the 2,055 calories he took in.

There are days when he walks in a leisurely fashion to the restaurant of the evening, plays bridge after dinner and then takes a cab home. On such an evening he eats an excellent meal in reasonable amounts—six cherystones (65), chicken tarragon (250) with watercress (3), a piece of Pont l'Évêque (70), preceded by a Martini and two Triscuits (140 plus 40) and accompanied by half a bottle of Pouilly-Fumé (175). Total: 743 calories.

When the calorie intake is too high, whether from tourmedos Rossini or cheeseburgers, the excess can be taken care of in any number of ways. Sweeping the floor of the restaurant, for example, will consume 84 calories an hour, and washing the dishes and ironing the table napkins will use up 59 an hour each. Listening to a lecture on physical fitness does not help much (only 13 an hour), but riding a bicycle to the lecture and back will use up 180 to 300 calories an hour, depending on the hills. If you lecture on the subject yourself for an hour (without gestures) it will cost 85 calories. Or one can work at a hobby: violin playing at 46 an hour, bookbinding at 81, carpentry at 180. Swimming burns from 300 (breaststroke) to 700 (crawl). Rowing, running and twisting are the great calorie consumers, burning off around 1,240 calories an hour, and mental work is the least helpful (only 7 or 8), even less helpful than just standing still (20).

END

CALORIE COUNTS FOR GOURMET MENUS

Mors d'oeuvres (average helpings)

Plover's egg	40	Homard froid mayonnaise	408
2 to 3 slices smoked salmon	90	Cuisses de grenouille sautées	420
Melone con prosciutto	140	Jambon sauce madere aux épinards	429
3 sardines à l'huile	165	Râle au beurre noir,	
Chinese preserved egg	285	pommes nouvelles	471
1 artichaut vinaigrette	336	Vitello tonnato	478
6 escargots à la bourguignonne	340	Truite aux amandes	508
Souffléon d'Arles	350	Tournefos Rossini, pommes frites	570
Half avocado with crab meat	355	Saumon poché, sauce verte,	
		salade de concombres	616

Plats du jour

Pigeon aux petits pois	175	American Brie	75
Poulet rôti	240	French Brie	85
Pendris aux choux	265	Camembert	85
Caille aux navets	285	Liederkranz	85
Turbot poché, sauce hollandaise	295	Bel Paese	90
Filet de sole meunière	317	Roquefort	111
Half shad roe with two slices bacon	362	Gruyère	115
Gigot d'agneau aux flageolets	391	Silton	120
Cervelle au beurre noir	400	Gorgonzola	123
Canard à l'orange	405	Reindeer	155

Plateau de fromages (1 ounce of each)

CALORIE CONSUMPTION (PER HOUR)

About the house

Dusting	110	Locksmithing	117
Sweeping bare floor	84	Bookbinding	81
Dishwashing	59	Drawing (standing)	40-50
Ironing (with live-pound iron)	59	Thinking	7-8
Dressing and undressing	33		
Sewing	25-30		
Writing	20		
Standing relaxed	20		
Sitting at rest	15		

Hobbies and do-it-yourself

Sawing wood	420	Physical exercise	
Woodcutting	388	Running	1,242
Stonemasonry	330	Rowing	1,240
Carpentry	180	Wrestling	980
House painting	160	Cycling (against wind)	600
Metal work	141	Walking very fast (5.3 mph)	565
		Climbing	400-900
		Skating (quick)	300-700
		Swimming	300-700
		Cycling	180-300
		Walking slowly (2.6 mph)	115
		Standing at attention	16

Adapted from Jean Mayer's "The Role of Exercise and Activity in Weight Control," published by Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa.

Supersailor and a soup tureen

Wisconsin's Buddy Melges achieved the seemingly impossible when he won the Mallory Cup three times, but now he is passing up a fourth chance in order to prepare himself for the 1964 Olympics

A century and a half ago, in appreciation of services rendered at the Nile, the Sultan of Egypt presented to Lord Nelson a seven-pound, curlicued, solid silver soup tureen. Full of soup, this impressive memento weighs 18 pounds, but it is rarely used for this utilitarian purpose. To sailors all over North America it is known as the Mallory Cup, after Clifford D. Mallory, founder of the North American Yacht Racing Union, whose family in 1952 put it up as a prize for the best small-boat sailor on the continent.

As a piece of silver, the Mallory Cup is 39 years older than the America's Cup; as a trophy, it is equally or more difficult to win. Winning it three times in a row means bucking outlandish odds, for Mallory Cup competition is not designed for repeat winners. A lengthy elimination series in eight geographical areas of the U.S. and Canada decides the eight finalists, who then must meet in an eight-race, round-robin regatta. The type of boat used is changed each year; the actual boats must change hands daily to assure that it is the sailor, not the boat, that wins the series. So far, in 10 years, seven sailors have taken the cup home, but for the last three years it has not budged from a living room in Lake Geneva, Wis., where it is the proud centerpiece for a family of three—Harry C. Melges Jr., 32 (a young man who likes chocolate milk and hamburgers more than he does soup), his wife, Gloria, and Laura, their blonde baby daughter, who fits neatly into the cup.

That Harry Melges, whose friends call him Buddy, should have won the cup even once is surprising. In a sport whose protagonists are traditionally stereotyped as mellowed and wealthy eastern sportsmen, he is a decided anomaly, a

hometown boy as midwestern as corn, cabbages or flies in the summer. Buddy Melges began saving up for a sailboat when he was only 5 years old by rowing passengers around the lake for 10¢ a trip. Today he supervises the activities of the Melges boat works, which turns out the famous Melges sailing scows, and acts as a one-man traveling advertising agency for the boats produced there. In addition, he heads up the junior sailing school on the lake, hunts ducks along its shores, races iceboats on its frozen winter surface and, between sailing and family, remains an unpretentious local boy. "He don't even talk about sailing," says Mr. Macuba, who cuts Melges' hair in Del's Barber Shop downtown. "And he waits his turn in the chair same as everyone else."

Patience is a virtue Melges possesses in abundance; sailing superiority did not come easily. It was achieved through discipline as solid as his Dutch ancestry, as gradually as learning to read. "Every time I get into a sailboat I learn something," he says candidly, and he means it. His classroom, as a boy, was Lake Geneva. His first teacher was his father, a stern Dutch taskmaster who had built and raced boats all his life and who took notes on his son's tactics in every race. After each race there would be an examination. "Why did you tack here? Why didn't you trim there?" Melges Sr. would demand. Melges Jr. would have to come up with an answer.

On June 15, 1946 the examinations really began to pay off. The first boat ever built by the Melges firm, a 20-foot Class C scow named *Widgeon* (after a wary, unpredictable duck), had been launched the night before. "We sneaked it down to the lake when no one was around," Melges says now. "We'd been

working on that design for almost a year, but we really didn't know what we had until we actually put it in the water." That day, the opening of the season, their wary, unpredictable duck, with Buddy Melges at the helm, flew home ahead of every other boat. Eleven races later, with 10 more first places, Melges had won his first Lake Geneva sailing championship.

The pupil was also learning the finer points of his subject, like the value quotient of soggy matches. On the downwind leg of one race, Melges stuck a cigarette in his mouth, and his nearest competitor, looking over, saw him furtively trying to light it. As match after match was tossed aside the competitor grew more and more fascinated with Melges' efforts to get a light and less and less concerned with the trim of his own sails. Melges never did get the cigarette lighted, but he won the race. His competitor's spinnaker had collapsed for lack of attention.

Five years later Harry Melges, the boat works, was in full bloom, and Harry Melges, the sailor, also was blossoming in a big way. But in September 1951, Sailorman Buddy Melges became a soldier in the U.S. Army. Eight months later he landed in Korea. He didn't sail again for two years.

"But the day I got out," he now recalls with emphasis, "I was back working in the shop." The boat works had grown in his absence. Orders were pouring in faster than they could be filled. Buddy Melges began a service that has become a hallmark of the firm. Between June and September 1954 he put well over 30,000 miles on his car, traveling to distant regattas to tune up boats, service them in any way possible and offer tactical suggestions to their skippers. "Cus-

tomorrow competitors, it makes no difference," he says. "You never know when a competitor is going to become a paying customer."

He also got married and, with the coaching of his wife Gloria, who is herself a first-class sailor, began sharpening the competitive sailing edge that had dulled through inactivity. By the following summer that edge was keen enough to win the right to represent the Inland Lake Yachting Association at the 1956 Area Six Eliminations for the Mallory Cup in Chicago.

So far, all of Melges' victories had been in his own scow, now things were about to change. The boat selected was a Luders L-16, chosen because it resembled the Blanchard Seniors that were to be used in the finals in Seattle. Melges had hardly ever been aboard a keelboat, much less raced one. But, with Gloria as crew, he won the first four races, took a second in the fifth and in so doing mathematically eliminated his competition. The rest of the regatta was called off.

Lesson

"We found out we could win easily in a strange boat outside of our own backyard," Melges says. "We were pretty confident going out to Seattle." His confidence was well-founded—he stopped off en route to win his third ILYA championship in the familiar scow, and with it a place in the Mallory eliminations the following year—but in Seattle, Melges discovered he was still a pupil, and that he still had quite a few sailing lessons to attend to. "We got out there against guys like Ted Hood and Bus Mosbacher," he reflects ruefully, "and we really got a lesson in how to handle a sailboat." He finished the series in sixth place.

In 1957, in the area eliminations on Lake Erie in Cleveland, he got enough drive out of a Thistle (another class that was strange to him) to take four firsts and a fourth and once again call a halt to the regatta by mathematically murdering his opposition. The Mallory Cup finals that season were held on the open ocean off Marblehead, Mass. George O'Day taught Melges his lesson this time: the value of getting

the most out of a boat sailing downwind.

"I went home," Melges recalls (he again finished sixth), "and decided to find out how to really sail a boat downwind." It took him two years, with keelboat practice through the winters, and in the process Melges almost gave up sailing completely. In 1957 a rival sailor had accused him of gaining unfair advantage in amateur sports by being a professional. The charge hit Melges so forcibly he sold his boats and retired from sailing. "You can make skis and still be an amateur racer," he now says bitterly. "You can make tennis rackets and still play tennis. But I was a boat-builder, so I was supposed to refrain from racing sailboats. I did a lot of duck hunting that year."

After a year's layoff, Melges yielded to the urging of friends and returned to sailing. He borrowed a boat and put his downwind practice to work in the Inland Lake Invitation Regatta at Green Lake, Wis. "We didn't pass a single boat going to weather," he remarks, "but we counted 40 boats falling off going downhill." And six weeks later, on Galveston

Bay in Texas, in a Corinthian sloop, a keelboat he still was not familiar with, Buddy Melges came halfway through the fleet to win his first Mallory Cup by a scant quarter of a point.

The following year, 1960, was the seventh year for Melges and the boat works. That September, in Madison, Wis., eight sleek new Melges Class F scows slid into Lake Mendota's waters for the Mallory Cup finals. The eight finest skippers in North America climbed aboard, but this was Buddy Melges' cup of tea and, when the races were ended three days later, the cup had run over. Buddy Melges had amassed the highest total point score in the history of Mallory Cup competition: six first places, one second and one third, for 62½ out of a possible 68 points.

Only one man, Gene Walet III, had ever before won the Mallory Cup twice (54, Sept. 20, 1954), and it looked for a while as if Melges would be content to share his honors. He was a busy man, the next summer he traveled another 30,000 miles to seven regattas and 20 fleets in eight states and three provinces

Continued



PARENTS LOOK ON AS LAURA PLAYS IN CUP NELSON GOT CENTURY AND HALF AGO

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BOATING

of Canada preaching the gospel of Melges boats. When a letter arrived one day informing him that the North American Flying Dutchman championships would be held in August in Chicago, he tried to put it out of his mind. He had never sailed a Dutchman, and he had other things to think about. But that afternoon he was on the telephone trying to borrow a boat. Within a week a Flying Dutchman had arrived from



COWMAN MELGES (AT TILLER) AND

Barnegat Bay, N.J., and four days later Melges was sailing it in the North American championships.

It was a disastrous occasion. He oversteered the weather mark in the first race. His crewman fell out of the trapeze into the water in the second. He broke his centerboard in the last race—and finished the series a poor sixth. The Mallory Cup finals in Montreal were only one month away.

"I didn't have any hallucinations about walking away with it this time," Melges says. "They were using Dragons, and I'd never sailed a Dragon. Mosbacher and McNamara, those keelboat hotshots, were up there waiting for me." At Montreal, when Mosbacher saw him, he only grinned. "You here again, Melges?" he quipped. Sheepishly, Melges replied, "I just snuck in the back door."

Melges indeed had to sneak in the back door to win. At the end of the

ifth race he was only 2½ points ahead of the keelboat hotshots. The pupil, however, had finally become a teacher, and with the cautious, steady sailing which by now had become his specialty, he never let his Dragon fall behind. ("We're not spectacular sailors," he says. "We're Minnesota-football-type sailors, slow and steady, and we grind out every yard.") Three days later Buddy Melges, the unlikely and unspectacular master from Lake Geneva, had accomplished the most improbable



CREW HEAD DOWNWIND IN LIGHT BLOW

achievement in North American sailing.

But the defeat in the Dutchman gnawed at him and continued to do so through the winter and spring. The old soap tureen will be on hand when the Maffey Cup championships get under way at Newport Harbor, Calif. next month, but, for the first time in five years, Buddy Melges will not. He has been sailing a horrowed Flying Dutchman on Lake Geneva this summer. He has his eye on the 1964 Olympics and he has his Dutch up. His reasons are more than personal. "It made me feel great when our track guys beat the Russians," he said recently. "If we're going to do it in sailing, in Tokyo, it's gonna take a supreme effort. We're getting our own boat in September. It'll be an American boat, with American sails, and when we get it we're going to go out and sail it every single damn day! By Christmas! We've got a lot to learn!"

END

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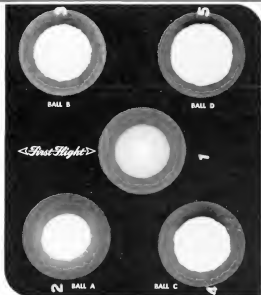
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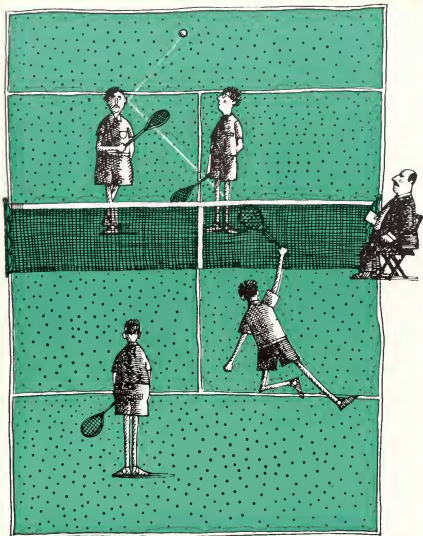
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Tennis was a sport Father should have avoided. This gentle game of grace and etiquette ran against the grain of his natural tendencies, which were to get in there and fight for everything that was yours and possibly a little extra. You would not see Father rush up to the net to congratulate the guy who had just beaten him. "Why should I shake hands with that crumbum after all those dirty shots?" Father would say. Nor did he understand the hallowed tradition of giving the other fellow the benefit of the doubt on calls. Father called them exactly as he saw them, and committed no injustices to himself.

So when our club announced the annual Fourth of July father-and-son tennis tournament, my brother Charley and I were absolutely enthusiastic in our mutual agreement not to mention the matter to Father. But he found out, and since he was in one of those dangerous be-a-pal-to-your-kids periods, he announced that he and Charley would enter.

"We'll make an appearance," Father said at the dinner table one night. "We may not win, but we'll let 'em know we were on the premises. Remember boys, it's not whether you win or lose!"

"They've heard all that, Harvey," Mother said.

Charley and I were apprehensive about Father's plans, and we spent long hours in trembly discussion. I mean, we liked Father, but he could be embarrassing. He once threatened to punch an umpire for calling

continued

ADVANTAGE OUT FOR FATHER

The most important rule for the father-and-son tennis tournament was unwritten, but it was well understood among all the members of the Shadyside Swimming and Racquets Club, Ltd. Harvey Rhodes, that stonch sportsman, followed it to the letter, though Harvey did not enjoy losing. Occasionally, however, someone ignored the rule, which is how all the trouble started by JONATHAN RHOADES

a bulk on me when I was pitching against the Highland Avenue Eagles. You have no idea what it is like to stand on the mound in a tight 18-17 ball game and hear your father shouting from the sidelines. "One more call like that, Fatso, and I'll meet you after the game!" What if Father did something like this in a tennis tournament, where everybody was supposed to be a paragon of etiquette?

"There's only two possibilities," Charley said to me. "One possibility is we lose. The other is we lose big. Father is not gonna like either of these possibilities."

There was also the fact that Father was not exactly the most popular member of our "Shady-side Swimming and Racquets Club, Ltd.," which was a pretentious organization founded by a bunch of ribbon clerks and shoe salesmen who wanted to get the heady feeling of belonging to a club, any club. We would not have belonged to this stuffy club except that Father figured \$50 a year was a cheap price for summer-long tennis and swimming, and he enjoyed going to the club's "formals" and creating a scene. It wasn't until Father had paid the initiation fee and received an official club membership list that he realized the true nature of the Shady-side Swimming and Racquets Club, Ltd. "Look at these names," he said to my mother. "Smith, Jones, Brown, Sedgwick, Miller, Harmon, . . ." Why, there isn't a single Eye-Italian name, not a single Jewish name, there isn't even any Irish! A few discreet inquiries soon established that this was no accident, whereupon Father began one of his typical whispering campaigns. One night I heard him say to a fellow club member, "You know what I found out today? Sedgwick is one-eighth Jewish on his mother's side. Imagine him being president of this club and passing himself off as a Gentile! It's a sin."

"How'd you find out about it?" the fellow member asked excitedly.

"Well, I noticed that his first name is Irving. Seemed like a funny name to me: Irving Sedgwick. So I checked around and found out. Terrible thing! Terrible thing!"

Father attacked the club's snobbery on other fronts. He showed up at the New Year's Eve dance (black tie) wearing an old black knitted tie that hung down to his knees. "It's a black tie, right?" he said to the doorman. The doorman had to agree. That same night he and Mother were dancing a doubletime Big Apple (the orchestra was playing *The Neighbors of Yu*, but Father did not have much sense of tempo), and just at one of those points where a mellow silence had fallen over the dancers Father was heard to say, "Attaway, Caroline! Swing it!" Several couples departed immediately, and the orchestra took up a medley of folk tunes from around the world.

Charley and I reviewed all these happenings and concluded that nothing conducive to our peace of mind,

the Rhoades family's reputation or the commonweal could come out of this tennis tournament. Our feelings were reinforced when we observed that Father was avoiding practice meticulously. "Boys," he explained, "there is no point in practicing. I plan to have fun, that's all. It doesn't make a bit of difference whether we win or lose, so long as we have fun." This was perfectly true, and Father was Helen Wills Moody.

Charley was 12, and I was 14, and that made a total of 26 years of experience with Father's thought processes, and we knew exactly what was going through his mind. He was well aware that he and Charley were a cinch to lose the tournament. But if they *prorced* and lost, they would have no excuse. Father wanted to be able to step on the courts, announce that he hadn't played in a year and then go down to dogged and glorious defeat at the hands of the poor fools who, unlike Father, were not natural athletes and had to practice all the time. Then he could boast for a year and use one of his favorite cliché lines: "Well, we lost, but we sure threw a scare into 'em!"

The Fourth of July dawned bright and hot, a bad sign for us, as Father was not renowned for his stamina. Father suited up in his bathing trunks. He owned a tennis outfit, but since the rules of the club specified that members must wear "tennis togs" on the courts, Father preferred to dress in his red swimming trunks as a gesture of contempt. "What the devil are 'tennis togs'?" Father had asked Mr. Sedgwick when the club president had braced him on the matter the year before. "I own these trunks and I say they're tennis togs." Mr. Sedgwick allowed the matter to drop, which was a smart move as Father was prepared to go all the way to the Supreme Court.

Charley and Father and I drove to the club, but Mother and Susan, being hothouse flowers with gentle sensibilities, stayed home. As we backed out the driveway, we heard Mother call, "I do hope the *Vogt* photographers are there, Harvey!"

Father and Charley came up against the Millers in the first match. The Millers consisted of a fat son and a father. Since Charley was in good shape, and Father (or Mother) could have beaten Mr. Miller just playing tennis from memory, the Rhoades family had it easy. Sitting in the stands watching, fingers and toes and legs all crossed, I had to marvel at Father's steadfast observance of the most honored unwritten law of father-and-son tennis, i.e., the ball may be slammed at the opposing father, but it must be hit softly at the opposing son. "Father's such a good sport when he's winning," I said to myself, and immediately felt ashamed.

"Good match!" Father shouted as heaced Mr. Miller

for the set and match point and ran up to the net to pump the Millers' hands feverishly. "You didn't beat us, but you sure threw a scare into us!" Mr. Miller, gasping for air, was unable to acknowledge Father's sportsmanlike remarks.

The next match pitted Father and Charley against the Shouses, who looked very tough because Mr. Shouse was wearing an elastic support around his knee just like Vinnie Richards, and his son Paul was wielding a genuine Ellsworth Vines racket, brand new. Father and Charley lost the Shouses' service, then lost their own, then had a conference. "We'll grind 'em down, sonny!" Father said. "No net play at all. You play back, I'll play back, and we'll give 'em a 'getting' game. Drive 'em nuts!" The third game began, and the Shouses, their bloodlust whetted, began to get fancy. Paul would stand at the baseline and whack everything as hard as he could, usually into the net; his father would slink around the net and attempt to slam every ball. Father and Charley merely protected the backcourt, feeding the Shouses a lot of soft jobs and pop-ups. By the time the Shouses realized that a good way to beat a "getting" game is to play a "getting" game, Father and Charley were on the long end of a 7-5 set. Then they drew a bye for the third round. Our family was in the semifinals.



A black tie was a black tie, Father assured the club doorman

Two hours later, under the gaze of all the distinguished members of the Shadyside Swimming and Racquets Club, Ltd., Harvey and Charles Rhoades, those two legendary greats of tennis, strode out on the courts for the semis. "Just remember one thing," Father said, as he threw an affectionate arm around Charley's shoulder. "We have a chance to pull off the biggest coop of the year. Let's get out there and win this thing for Mother!"

"For Mother?" Charley said.

"Yes, for Mother. For that sweet lady back at home pulling for us."

From the second that the match began, two bizarre things became obvious: first, Charley and Father *could* beat the Brocks, which is as precise a description of the general quality of the Shadyside tennis players as one could imagine, and, second, each team was going to obey the unwritten law about not slamming the ball at the little kids, even though this was the semifinals. Despite this excess of ethics, it was also evident that a certain amount of hostility lay just beneath the surface. Mr. Brock was given to gentle needling, which took the form of oversolicitude. "Oh, nice try, excellent try!" he would shout when Father missed a passing shot. Once he drove a ball right between Father's legs and hollered, "Sorry!"

"That's quite all right, Brock," Father said. "Nothing to be sorry about at all." Father just didn't realize that tennis players are always saying, "Sorry."

Mr. Brock was also a great one for upsetting the rhythm of the game. Father would be winding up to serve, and Mr. Brock would say, "Just a minute, please," and run out to remove a speck from the court. "Thank you," he would say ostentatiously, and Father would double-fault. Whenever Father was ready and waiting for Mr. Brock's serve, Mr. Brock would shout, "Ready?" But if Father wasn't ready and waiting, Mr. Brock would serve.

Despite all these petty annoyances, Father and Charley stayed right with the opposition. The Brocks took a 3-1 lead, but the Rhoadeses switched to their "getting" technique and reeled off three straight games. Then the Brocks won their own service, and the set stood at 4-4. But Larry Brock, a skinny kid who smoked and had a bad case of what we referred to as "acme," was breathing hard, and his father wasn't making so many smart remarks. It looked as though the Rhoadeses had them on the run. All hail the mighty Rhoadeses, on their inexorable march to the finals!

Father served to Mr. Brock, and Mr. Brock hit the ball into the net. Five-love. Father served to Larry Brock, who returned it to Charley, who lobbed it 900 feet into the air. Mr. Brock camped under the ball, wound up like Bucky Walters and fanned. Thirty-love.

continued

The Brocks had a short conference behind their hands. Charley moved up to the net as Father got ready to serve to Mr. Brock again. By now Father's serve had nothing on it except the label, and the ball plopped high and fat into Mr. Brock's forehead. Mr. Brock took this occasion to bash the ball straight at Charley, who promptly went down, groaning and squirming.

"Where'd it hit you?" Father said, running up to his fallen partner's side.

Between moans, Charley managed to grunt, "I'd-rather-not-say."

"Oh, I see," said Father.

Charley slowly rose to his feet after a few minutes of discomfort and wobbled around the forecourt as though in a daze. "Ready, Charley?" Mr. Brock called.

"No, he's not ready!" Father shouted.

"Perfectly all right, Mr. Rhoades. Take all the time you want."

Before 30 seconds had gone by, Larry Brock was standing at the net saying, "You're O.K. now, huh, Charley?"

"Yeh, I guess so," Charley said, and slowly took up his proper position.

Father served to Larry Brock, who hit the ball to Charley, who returned it weakly to Mr. Brock, who drove it back at Charley. The whole rally lasted eight or 10 exchanges, and every ball was hit hard at Charley. The Brocks finally took the point on a smash at Charley's feet. They went on to break Father's service by determinedly slapping every ball in Charley's direction. They won their own service in the same way, and the Rhoadeses were vanquished. Father walked off the court without saying a word to the victors, and we drove home in silence. Two days later Father rushed excitedly into the house. "Boys! Boys!" he cried. "I just found out! *There's another father-and-son tournament on Labor Day!*" Charley and I looked weakly at each other.

Father turned our house into a tennis factory. "We have two months!" he said. "A lousy two months! When those two months are up, Charley, you and I will be the hardest-hitting tennis assassins since Big Bill Tilden."

The side of our detached garage became a backboard for tennis shots, with a net line marked on it. Father and Charley would stand out there for hours on end, practicing lobs, drop shots, slices, drives and serves. Father put up a light for night practice, and he extended Charley's bedtime one hour, to 10:30. To keep Charley interested, Father paid him 25¢ an hour for practice time. Slowly Charley began to improve, and by the end of the two months he was blistering the paint off that garage. On weekends Charley and Father would sneak

over to the public courts on the other side of town to work out as a team. Before long, Father was playing like a 20-year-old, and so was Charley. They were still not good tennis players, but by the standards of the Shadyside Club they were Murder, Inc.

On Labor Day, Father and Charley presented themselves for the father-and-son tournament. "Giving it another go, eh, Rhoades, old fellow?" said Mr. Sedgwick in his best station-wagon English as he wrote down their names on the list for pairing.

"Oh yes, old chap," Father said. "Really we are. Pp, pop, and all that sort of rot, don'tcha know," Mr. Sedgwick gave Father a funny look.

Charley and Father went out on the courts for a warmup. They hit the ball gently to and fro, lacking only pantalons to look exactly like a pair of elderly maiden ladies chasing butterflies across the meadow. Once Charley accidentally put a little steam on one hit, and Father made an elaborate show of missing the ball completely. "C'mon, now, take it easy!" Father shouted. "You know I haven't been playing." Soon a small crowd had gathered, and an occasional titter would emanate from the sidelines as Father or Charley would pat the ball. Then two familiar faces appeared on the courts. "Why, Brock," Father said, his face a cheerful fountain of friendliness, "nice to see you again."

"We drew you in the opening round," Mr. Brock said.

"Well, isn't that a nice break," Father said. "We get to play each other again."

"Should we get on with it?"

Father said, "But don't you and Larry want to practice a little?"

"No, it's gonna be a long day, and we'd like to save our strength for later."

Father spun his racket. "Rough or smooth?" he said.

"Rough," said Mr. Brock.

"Wrong," said Father, and went back to serve.

Now Father choked his racket about halfway up, threw the ball a foot or so in the air and awkwardly puffed it toward the net on a high, lazy arc. It bounced twice before hitting the net. Father took his second serve, this time barely ticking the ball. Mr. Brock shouted "Love-five."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Father said. "I thought you knew I was taking two practice serves."

Mr. Brock walked back into position and said huffily, "You starting now?"

"Yep," Father said. He threw the ball into the air and hit it a fearful wallop. The ball made a noise like a cherry bomb when it hit the tape and bounced back. Mr. Brock, his head tilted to one side as though he smelled something bad, moved up in the court for Father's second serve, and Father let him have one in the corner. Mr. Brock never touched it.

Now it was Larry Brock's turn to receive. Father carefully obeyed the unwritten law. He hit a gentle serve high across the net; the ball hit the court and spun at a right angle off the side of the court. That made it 30-love, and the Brocks had not yet swung a racket. Father ached Mr. Brock and then cut another serve to Larry for the game point.

"Never mind," Father said to Mr. Brock as he changed courts. "You'll come back."

Mr. Brock took his position, said "I'm starting right in," and threw the ball up to serve.

"Time!" Father shouted. "Time!" He ran across the court and flicked an imaginary pebble away. "Sorry," Father said. "Take two." Mr. Brock got his first serve in and Father zoomed it back. Mr. Brock got his racket up just in time and hit a long lob to the baseline.

"Out!" Father called. From where I stood on the sidelines, the ball had looked good by five or six inches, but luckily Father was in a better position to see.

The Brocks got their first point when the overtrained Charley blasted the next serve into the net. Now it was 5 all, and Mr. Brock hit his first serve to Father into the net. His second serve was good, but Father merely caught the ball, flung it back and said, "Tough luck, old sport, but we have to watch those foot faults, don't we?" I had to marvel at Father's ability to stand ready for a serve and umpire foot faults simultaneously. Now Charley and Father, without any further ado, went ahead with their plan of action, which was simply to keep that ball beating a merry drum roll off parts of Mr. Brock's anatomy. It was as though Larry Brock wasn't even in the game. *Wham! Wham!* Those balls went flicking across the net like bullets. Soon Mr. Brock seemed to lose courage and began jumping aside, apparently happy to get off with his life. On such occasions Father, sportsman that he was, would never fail to shout, "Good try!"

The score rolled up and up, the fourth straight game going to the Rhoadses when Charley took deadly aim and let Mr. Brock have one in what we referred to as "the lobzone."

"Ready, Brock?" Father said.

Mr. Brock shuffled back into position, and Father cut him a serve at about 3,600 rps. Mr. Brock got a racket on the ball and hit it to the corner away from Father, who raced across the court, leaped through the air like Charley Gehringer, hit the ball, fell flat on his face and broke his glasses. The Brocks scored the point, but Father remained on his knees, his hands clawing the court in the general vicinity of his broken spectacles. Immediately it was plain that Father was rendered all but blind.

I would rather not describe the rest of that game. Father made three straight double faults, during which time his racket contacted the ball only once. At the end of the game he asked Mr. Brock if he could have time to go home and get his glasses. He could not take his car, but he would get a bus and be back in an hour or so. "Well, harrumph, eh, well now," said Mr. Brock. "We'll have to ask the tournament director."

We led Father to Mr. Sedgwick, who announced cheerfully: "The rules are the rules, Mr. Rhoades. If you went home to get another pair of glasses you would, in effect, be taking a rest period. This tournament is a test of stamina as well as skill."

"Well," chimed in Mr. Brock, "I think you're being a little harsh, Mr. Sedgwick," but he had to say this over his shoulder, as he was already rushing back to the court to serve.

The rest was silence. Father chased imaginary balls all over the court but seldom came to grips with the real one. It was not uncommon to see poor Charley, putting up a valiant struggle to win it singlehandedly, returning a ball in the forecourt while Father was swiping at an illusion in the backcourt. Once Father said, "C'mon, Larry, serve the ball," whereupon Charley said gently: "He already aces you, Father."

The Brocks won 6-4, and Charley and I led Father to the bus stop. Nobody spoke for a long time. Then Father said softly: "Boys, I want to apologize to you."

"Apologize?" I said.

"You boys know that I'm not a deeply religious man," Father went on, his reddened eyes focused somewhere above and beyond Charley and me. "But there was something about the way we lost that makes a fellow wonder. I mean, we went into that tournament with a very un-Christian attitude, and we got—well, we got smote down."

I said, "You don't mean you think that God—"

"I just mean to say that we went out there to humiliate the Brocks, right? We planned it all summer, right? And were we acting for good reasons, or bad? *Bad!* And we got what was coming to us. My fault. All my fault. I'm proud of you, Charley, but I'm ashamed of myself."

"We'll be good losers, Father," Charley said.

"Yeh, Father," I said, "and don't forget, there's still the Christmas darts tournament."

Father's eyes seemed to narrow through the myopic haze, and they became positively incandescent. "There *is*?" he said loudly. Then he was quiet all the rest of the way home.

END

Other adventures of the Rhoades clan, some of them previously chronicled in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, appear in the book *Over the Fence Is Out* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$3.50).

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

They carried real trumpets and toy trumpets, old and new trumpets, and the 650 who brought them got in free on Trumpet Night in Cincinnati. This caused President Bill DeWitt to ask, "How about a Piano Night next?" But all the Reds needed, it seemed, was Frank Robinson. Last week Robinson batted .417, scored a dozen times, had 15 RBIs and six homers. With such hitting and tight pitching by 34-year-old Joe Nuxhall and 22-year-old Jim Maloney, the Reds gained a game and a half on the Dodgers. Robinson won a TV set with one homer, a clothes dryer with another. Manager Fred Hutchinson hit no homers but received a vibrator chair. While Robinson was winning prizes and Hutchinson relaxed in his chair, Los Angeles players were mistreading signals and losing four of six. They couldn't even get away with stealing. Angry because of the long infield grass and heavy watering that was designed to cut down their speed at Candlestick Park, the Dodgers stole San Francisco's leaded practice bat. The Giants resorted to a simple but effective retaliation: they took the Dodgers' leaded bat. Billy D'Dell was honest, too honest, for his own good. Several Cubs hovered over his hand, thinking it was foul. D'Dell yelled, "It's fair." Ernie Banks believed D'Dell and threw him out. At home the Giants had a 47-17 record (.734). On the road, though, they lost three straight and were barely over .500 (.31-28). Chicago's Ken Hubbs pulled his glove out of a paper bag and showed a cluster of hospital patients his fielding techniques. Then he went out and set an NL record for consecutive errorless games by a second baseman, bringing his streak to 62 at the week's close. Milwaukee made 10 double plays, took over the league lead in fielding but still lost five times. Manager Budie Tebbets told his players not to complain about the Houston heat. Later, when the temperature stayed above 100°, he had to admit that they had a legitimate gripe. Joe Adcock stepped on a baseball and hurt his leg. In all, the Braves won just twice, with Claude Raymond saving both games in relief. Al Jackson of New York went without bullpens left, throwing 215 pitches but losing 3-1 in 15 innings. A teammate's error led to his loss, but Jackson manfully refused to complain, saying, "The guys have played real good behind me. Why say something when they beat one?" In another game Choo Choo Coleman hit a pinch home run. Several innings later Jim Hickman batted for

Coleman and also hit one. Don Demeter had four home runs and John Callison 11 RBIs as Philadelphia won five straight. Billy Smith got two quick strikes on Fred Whitfield of the Cardinals. Manager Gene Mauch rushed out to give Smith some advice. Whitfield hit the next pitch for a grand slam. Later in that game St. Louis Manager Johnny Keane conferred with Lindy McDaniel. Callison must have listened, for he, like Whitfield, hit a homer. Timely hitting by Norm Larker (435), Hal Smith and Joey Amalfitano, plus fine pitching by George Brunet, Bob Bruce and Russ Kemmerer, moved Houston back to eighth place. Almost unnoticed was Pittsburgh, which actually had more success than any team in either league, winning five of six and gaining three games on the Dodgers. At the start of the week Harvey Haddix lamented, "When I reached back for something extra it wasn't there." Later in the week it was there for Haddix and the rest of the staff, and the Pirates' 3.54 ERA had become the lowest in the majors this year.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Little things like an 800-foot home run and five straight wins meant a lot to Kansas City. Bobby Del Greco, admittedly, got much of his distance when his drive moonbatted across a parking lot. Owner Charles O. Finley, without mentioning what year he had in mind, said his team would finish fourth. Although they began winning almost as soon as he spoke, the Athletics were still ninth. The real fourth-place club, Chicago, got hard



NEW SLUGGERS were Senators Harry Bright, who hit three three-run homers, and Braves' Lee Maye, who had two home runs and .705 BA.

hitting from Joe Cunningham, Al Smith and Sherm Lollar to support exceptional pitching (1.86 ERA for the week) and won five of seven. Cleveland pitchers gave up almost that many runs per inning. At their worst they allowed 10 runs in one inning. After his sixth successive losing week Manager Mel McGaha, who likes to speak into a tape recorder "to practice certain phrases and emphasis," was merely mumbling. When it came to emphasis, Pete Vessada, Washington president, was getting his point across steadily. He let it be known that changes would be made among the personnel of his 10th-place club. One quick change occurred almost immediately as the Senators won a doubleheader. A scoreboard message announced George Surace's birthday. In response, the 53-year-old coach, who prides himself on his fine physical condition, touched his nose to the ground while keeping his knees straight. In Baltimore the fans held their fingers to their noses. One writer said the Orioles were "resigned to losing," something they accomplished on five of six occasions. In Minnesota, however, Harmon Killebrew said the Twins had the spirit of a college football squad. Last week the Twins held opponents to seven points a game and still split eight AL matches. Camilo Pascual had arm trouble, but the Twins did exhibit sprited clutch hitting and pitching to come from behind for some important wins. Good pitching by Hank Aguirre and Jim Bunning boosted Detroit from seventh to fifth. Los Angeles, hoping to play the Dodgers in Chavez Ravine in what would be only the fourth World Series ever played entirely in one park, kept pace with the Yankees. Ted Boushield beat the Red Sox, then called them a "dead club." The next day an apartment wearing red stockings twice defeated the Angels. Boston, with four homers by Lou Clinton and continued fine shortstopping by Eddie Bresnold, won five of eight. While others scrambled at their heels the New York Yankees prepared for the World Series. Tom Tresh, the No. 2 All-Star shortstop, was moved to left in favor of Tony Kubek, who promptly took part in six double plays in his first three games. And Bobby Richardson indicated he was again ready for October baseball. He batted .367, drove in 10 runs and hit two home runs, one a grand slam.

PITCHING LEADERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE				Fewest runs per 9 innings	
NY	Team	IP	CG	10	Stuffed
LA	Lee	219	McBride	6	Bernsday
Min	Rask	139	Pascual	14	had
Chi	Borkent	1-4	2 with	5	Dobie
Det	Rumig	144	Winkatg	8	Aguirre
Balt	Pappas	163	Pappas	8	Roberts
Cle	Debusse	129	Olinckin	11	Litman
Bos	Grady	167	Conley	8	Wilson
KC	Rauver	119	Rauver	8	Sague
Wash	Stenhouse	154	Stenhouse	8	Cheney

NATIONAL LEAGUE				Fewest runs per 9 innings	
LA	Team	IP	CG	10	Stuffed
LA	Orysdale	227	Orysdale	16	Kaplan
StP	Marshall	216	Marshall	16	Seaton
Cin	Parker	219	2 with	14	O'Shea
Phi	Ford	199	Ford	14	Budzik
Sil	Guthrie	191	Guthrie	14	Guthrie
W	Skow	191	Skow	14	Skow
Phi	Maloney	211	Maloney	17	Maloney
Hou	Fancik	115	Fancik	7	Fancik
Chi	Elliott	151	Elliott	9	Gardwell
NY	Gang	182	2 with	10	Jackson

Based statistics through Saturday, August 15.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MARVELOUS METS

Sirs:

I have read *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* ever since it was published and I can't remember ever having enjoyed an article so much as the one by Jimmy Breslin on the New York Mets (*World Today*, Aug. 13).

HARRY F. KEINDELTER JR.

Baltimore

Sirs:

Very funny reading, but the fact that it's true makes it sad.

CLIFF BROWNE

Jefferson City, Mo.

Sirs:

The most hilarious story I've ever read in your magazine! The photographs were very revealing, too, particularly the one which shows a Bromo-Seltzer sign on the fence that seems to be speaking especially to Casey Stengel—"stomach upset . . . headache . . ." It is gratifying to read about a team worse than our Cubs.

MARK WILMOT

Glenview, Ill.

Sirs:

The story not only symbolized the Mets, it echoed Von Sacben drilling stupid farmboys at Valley Forge, President Grant being told of the chicanery of his colleagues in the executive department, General MacArthur being told by an ex-haberdasher that the war we are fighting is not to be won, and Billie Sol Estes being told he may not have an autographed picture of Thomas Jefferson for his office wall.

Make no mistake about the matter, I loathe the Mets, for this travesty of a ball team tramples the greenward over which stride such majestic and unerring figures as Larry Doyle ("It's great to be young and a Giant"), Dave (Beauty) Bancroft, Ross Young, Mel Ott and the incomparable Willie Mays. May the Lord be blessed for the building of that stadium in Flushing Meadow (a name which bears in it the fulfillment of the Mets). In fact, I am only thankful that their existence allowed me to view a few more times that esteemed personage mentioned above as "incomparable."

ROBERT L. KIMMERS

Ridgewood, N. J.

Sirs:

I am a member of what Breslin called the "New Breed" and I am proud of it. Give

the Mets a chance and they will be the best team in baseball in five or six years.

RICHARD P. WEIR

Queens Village, N. Y.

Sirs:

How can Casey Stengel be looking so tragic in connection with the Mets when he is wearing a New York Yankee cap?

M. J. O'CONNELL

Milwaukee

• It's a Met cap. As a Yankee, Manager Stengel wore a slightly different monogram—and a slightly different expression (see below).—ED.



CASEY AS A MET (LEFT) AND AS A YANKEE

Sirs:

My blood is just about boiling. Mr. Breslin mentions that in the second game of a doubleheader in St. Louis, Roger Craig, the Mets' starter, gave up so many runs so quickly in the seventh inning that Casey didn't even have time to warm up a reliever. This may indeed be true, but what about all the games in which Craig pitched well, some of which he lost?

To answer Bill Vecek's query, "How many Mets do you think are going to be around even two years from now?", I'd like to answer: Frank Thomas, Roger Craig, Jay Hook, Al Jackson, Charlie Neal and Rod Kanehl, all major-league-caliber players with many playing years still stretching ahead of them.

To answer Pat Hastings' remark about batters, I first would like to mention some Met players who can "hurt you with the bat pretty good": Frank Thomas, Richie Ashburn and Charlie Neal. About holders, I would like to ask Mr. Hastings if he has ever seen Jim Hickman in the outfield or Gil Hodges at first base.

Furthermore the Mets are becoming adept at being spoilers, beating the Pirates, Reds and Giants when it hurt them most. New York's new National League ball team

may not be good, but it is not the "worst baseball team ever."

MICHAEL RAFFAPORTE

BaySide, N. Y.

Sirs:

I have just read a story by your Mr. Jimmy Breslin knocking the Mets and Marvellous Marv. I don't think Breslin ever saw a ball game in his life or ever found out how the Mets were organized. Breslin, the Mets got all the has-beens of the league and were told to play ball. Last year all you sports-writers were knocking the Angels. Now look at them.

NORMAN BERGLIN

The Bronx, N. Y.

A FOR AMOS

Sirs:

After reading your article *Amos Stagg: A Century of Horrors* (August 13) I wonder what Mr. Stagg would say to those boys caught in the basketball scandals.

We Americans become so entangled in the web of dollar signs that we have lost the ability to play the game for fun.

I take my bat off to this tall, soft man and say, "If I had to choose someone to mold my son, let it be Amos Alonzo Stagg."

DELMAR NICHOLS

Findlay, Ohio

Sirs:

Amos Alonzo Stagg is truly one of the great men of our times.

BOB WRIGHT

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sirs:

Congratulations to John Underwood on a fine article about a truly remarkable man, Amos Alonzo Stagg.

Being a teacher and coach I would consider myself a success if I could contribute only a minute fraction of what this man has done in a lifetime.

I consider the letter from Mr. Stagg to his son as just about the most inspirational piece of writing I have ever read. I only wish it were possible for every youth in America to have a copy of it.

LARRY ROOT

Plymouth, Ohio

VULNERABLE VIKING?

Sirs:

Ingemar Johansen's prediction on the Liston-Patterson fight (*World Today*, Aug. 13) should have been run under the

continued



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19TH HOLE

caption "Laugh of the Week." At least Ingo gave Linton credit for a good left job which is really not too surprising, inasmuch as Johantson's job resembles nothing so much as a tentative bear-repelling effort by a high-school girl who doesn't really mean it. Johantson is a run-of-the-mill heavyweight totally devoid of boxing ability and handicapped by an inability (and perhaps a determination) to take punishment. It is to his hoped that Ingo never lights Linton, since the Vulnerable Viking ought to be allowed to live long enough to enjoy his considerable wealth, so zealously protected from the tax man on several occasions.

JAMES M. MORAN

Chicago

Sirs:

It is Johantson's contention that Sonny Liston's relative lack of speed will be his downfall. What he overlooks is the fact that Messrs. Roy Harris and Pete Rademacher have each managed in previous bouts to score heavily in Patterson's chin. Rademacher, in fact, is credited with a knockdown. Yet neither of these pugilistic nondescripts possesses Liston'sistic power.

BILL BARNES

Wynette, Pa.

IMPOVERISHED AMATEURISM

Sirs:

Your comments about the loss to our Olympic track team of Messrs. Davis, Norton, fluid and Tarr brings to mind a feeling of many years that we discriminate against our athletes in almost all avenues. If an attorney or even a certified public accountant or butcher works for a living, he is allowed to participate in athletics and maintain his "cherished" amateur standing. However, in the event that a track star has to engage in life's lively activities which require earning money and turns to another field of sports as a professional, he loses his amateur standing. It would seem to me that under the interpretation of our amateur code, an athlete could become the owner of a major league baseball team and retain his amateur standing. Why should a track star be lost to our Olympic team if he has to earn a living and turns to a field in which he has some accomplishment?

BERNARD HANDLE

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ANHYDROUS ANNIE

Sirs:

Concerning the displeasure of that Texas boy Wendell Faulkner at being taken for Arnold Palmer (Palmer? Mr. Name's Faulkner, August 13), I suggest you tell Mr. Faulkner that his problem could be worse. He could look like Billie Sol Estes.

MELVIN (CHUCK) HARRIS

Fort Pierce, Fla.



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